

THE FAMOUS  
HISTORY  
OF  
GUY Earle of WARWICK.

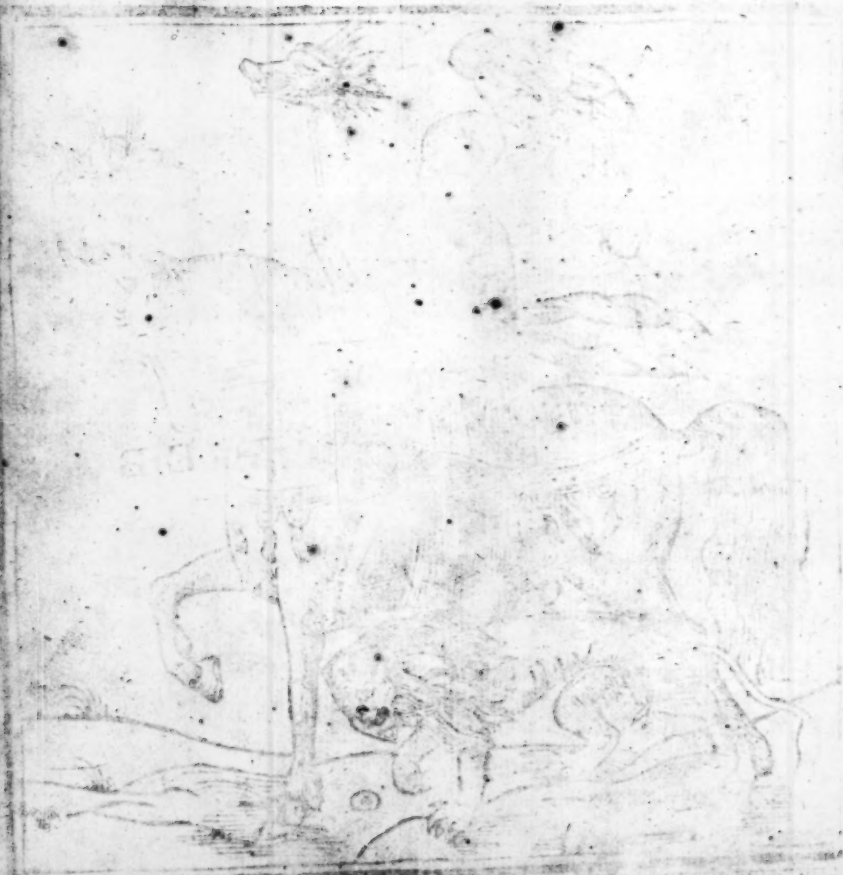
WRITTEN BY SAMUEL ROWLAND.



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LONDON: Printed by Edward Taylor, 1703.





TO THE  
RIGHT HONORABLE

*Philip Earl of Mountgomery, Lord Herbert of Sherland, and of the most Noble Order of the Garter, Knight.*

**R**ight worthily Enobled, and truly Honourable LORD! I vouchsafe of your generous courtesie, (to which all men yield a general applaud) to accept this slight and weak Poem derived from a strong and mighty Subject (to wit) great GUY of WARWICK, (our famous Country-man) whose valor hath bin the VVorlds wonder, and his admirable acts of Chivalry, terrors and  
A 2                      daunting

## *The Epistle Dedicatory.*

daunting fears of all the opposites of himself and this Kingdom. The neglecting of whose worthy memory, hath induced my more willing than able Muse, to revive the deeds of this dust-consumed Champion, upon whose Honorable Combate, King *Atbelstone* ventur'd the whole Realm of *England*. Disdain not therefore (most worthfull and precious spirit) in the true affability of your esteemed vertues, to vouchsafe the view of these Artlesse Lines, which in the silence of greater sufficiencies, speak only to keep Valour from Oblivions destruction.

*Most humbly devoted to*

*your Honours Vertues,*

SAMUELL ROWLAND

TO



## To the Noble English Nation.

**R** Enowned English ! whom our Lines invite,  
To view the Acts of Warwicks worthy Knight;  
In huse deeds of old, writ with an antient Pen,  
Have now out-worn the memories of men.  
Most strange in this same Poet-plenty-age,  
When Epigrams and Satyrs bising, rage :  
Where Paper is employed every day,  
To carry ! erse about the Town for pay :  
That Stories should intomb'd with VVorthies lye,  
And Fame, through age extinct, obscurely dye.  
Deign to accept what Recreations hours  
Have spent upon this Countrey-man of ours :  
It seems too far unkind, that in these dayes,  
VVe toyl so much in other Nations praise,  
That we neglect the famousing of our own,  
VVhich over-matchfull unto them were known.  
ENGLAND hath bred such men of Valour try'd,  
Could match all Kingdoms in the world beside.  
Take here a view of Knighthoods antient face,  
His bruised Armour, and his bloody Case :  
His broken Lannce, gapt Faulchion, batter'd Shield,  
His valiant Combates with his Foes in Field :  
The wounds and scars insculpt upon his Flesh,  
His mortal fights renew'd each day afresh,  
His reasons that did animate to Arms,  
His freeing tender Ladies from their harms,  
His backed Target, and his splinter'd Spear,  
His killing Serpents, savage Boar, and Bear.  
Then look on some, in ages since beknighted,  
VVho never were with martial deeds delighted :

## The Epistle.

*That are no kin to them which went of old  
In Iron Armour, these are Knights in Gold :  
And you shall see that one doth wear the Name,  
When th' others actions merits for the same.  
The same for merit was renowned GUY,  
A Champion that his fame with blood did buy,  
And never held his life in Coward fear,  
But ventur'd it at point of sword and spear :  
He was a Prodigal of life and limb,  
And bad all welcome, came to fight with him :  
Were it a Giant like to Gogmagog,  
Or Cerberus that Triple-headed Dog,  
Or he that often did Olympus climb,  
And as the onely Club-man of his time,  
Great Hercules, if he had breath'd on ground,  
When English Guy of Warwick liv'd renown'd ;  
There would have been a Combate, 'twixt them two,  
To try what proud Alcides force could do :  
Or Hector, whose applaud the World doth know,  
Or fierce Achilles fearfull to his For.  
Had all these liv'd together in an age,  
They had been Combatants, the Earth their Stage.  
Kind English yield unto your Country-man  
As gentle entertainment as you can :  
Though he lye quiet now transform'd to dust,  
Sleeping in death as other Mortals must :  
With your life giving breath, revive his Fame,  
That hath deserv'd an honourable Name.  
And having view'd his actions, wish with me  
That all the Knights we have were such as he.*

S. R.

To



## To the Honourable LADIES of ENGLAND.

**L**adies, in elder times your sex did need  
Knight-hoods true valour to defend your rights,  
O admirable actions we do read,  
Have been atchiev'd in cruel bloody fights:  
Full ugly Serpents were destroy'd and slain,  
Strange Monsters mangled, Gyants hew'd in'twain.

But who deserv'd more in such enterprize  
Than worthy *English*, bred where we are born?  
Such as did ease and idleness despise:  
For Armour more by them than silk was worn:  
These were the Champions, that for Ladies good  
Would bleed as long as they had drops of blood.

Such as Sir GUY, whose story here we tell,  
Valours renowned honourable man:  
Helov'd your kind, (in heart exceeding well,)  
How can you chuse but love his Legend than?  
Bestow the reading of it, if you please,  
Gainst melancholly, that same dull disease.

Samuel Rowland.

THE



## The Argument.

**G**UY of Warwick (Son to Earle ROHANDS Steward) in blooming youth of Natures spring, fell in love with the Earles fair Daughter Phelice, whose disdain of him, in that he was but a mean Gentleman, and not by birth answerable to her honourable Estate, did afflict his tormented minde with most distressed passions, till in a vision Cupid presents her with the Picture of Mars, enjoyns her to love Guy, as the admired Champion of Chriftendom: Upon this she yieldeth affection, on condition of Adventures, which to atchieve, he departs into France, and shortly returns with Trophies of Victory, and Prizes of Honour; But Phelice not satisfied therewith, he leaves England again, performing in foreign Countreys wonderfull Acts: Then returning, marries his Love, whom after forty dayes he leaves, departing on Pilgrimage to the Holy-land, effecting in that journey many strange things: then supposed to be dead, comes back disguised and out-worn to memory, and fights a Combat for Athellstone, killed Colbrond the Gyant of Denmark, freeing thereby the Kingdom from Invasion. After that lives obscurely in a Cave, and comes for Almes to his own Castle, not revealing himself till the hour of his death, and then he sent his Lady a Ring, by which taken she knew her husband, and came most wofully to close up his eyes, dying herself shortly after him, for very grief and extreame sorrow.

THE

THE  
FAMOUS HISTORY  
Of Guy Earl of Warwick.

In Natures green unmelloyed years  
Cupid tormenteth Guy;  
Inthral his heart to *Phallic* love,  
by object of the eye.

CANTO I.

WHen dreadful *Mars* in Armour everyday  
Lov'd stately *Juno* and *Bellona* best,  
Before he knew the Court where *Venus* lay,  
For then he took himself to ease and rest;  
When all his thoughts unto the proof w're steel'd  
And all his Actions manag'd in the field.

A Knight of his (a worthy English-man,) 7  
That went like him, clad in an Iron coat,  
In *Warwick*, with the Worlds applaud began  
To be a man of admirable notes;  
Such was the Valour he ascended by,  
That Pagans trembled at the name of *Guy*.

B This



*The Famous History*

This man compos'd of courage, full of sprite,  
Or hard adventures, and of great designs,  
To fight with Giants took a chief delight,  
Or search some Cave that Monster undermines;  
Meet with a Boor to make a bloody fray,  
Or combat with a Dragon by the day.

Yet e're he entertain'd his love to Arms,  
He grew devoted to the Queen of Love;  
Attempting Beauties Fort with fierce alarms,  
The Victory of such a prize to prove,  
As elder Times before could ne re enjoy;  
A sweeter face then lost old *Priam* Troy.

Fair *Rhelice*, equal match to *Cupids* mother;  
A curious Creature, and the Kingdoms pride;  
All spacious *Britan* had not such another,  
For glorious Beauty, and good Parts beside;  
Twixt her & *Vulcan's* wife no odds were known,  
But *Venus* had a Mole, and she had none.

For most directly she had *Venus* hair,  
The same high fore-head, and attractive eye;  
Her Cheeks of Roses mixt with Lillies fair,  
The very lips of perfect Coral dye:  
Ivory teeth, a dainty rising chin,  
A soft touch, pleasing smooth, and silken skin.

With

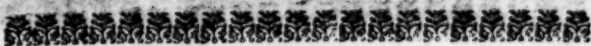
## Of Guy Earl of Warwick.

With all Perfections make a peerless Creature  
From head to foot, she had them every one;  
Mirrour she was of Comeliness and feature,  
An *English* Phoenix, supreme fair alone:  
Whom gazing peoples censures thus would grace,  
Beauty lives no where but in *Phalice* face:

In *Phalice* face (this object of *Guy*'s sight)  
Where looks of love, and glances of disdain,  
From thence sometimes his eyes at tract delight,  
From thence anon his heart deriveth pain.  
One while sweet smiles do give encouragement,  
Another time, stern looks work discontent.

Thus on Loves Seas, tost by the storms of terror,  
'Twixt present calm, and sudden furious blast;  
Resolving love, yet finding love in error,  
In freedom chain'd, in liberty bound fast;  
He sighs that Fortune doth so strangely deal,  
To give a wound that Beauty will not heal;

That Beauty will not heal (quoth he?) fond man  
Thou wrong'st thy self, and thy fair goddeſſe too;  
By looks to know a womans heart who can?  
And look on her is only all I do:  
I'll take another course more resolute,  
To speak, to write my honest-meaning suit.



## The Famous History

But if I should be so, what hope have I  
That she will hear my words, or read my lines?  
She is *Earl Robands* Heir, and born too high  
To condescend unto my poor designs:  
Though I a Gentleman by birth I am known,  
Earldoms I want, and Lordships have none.

O! Women are ambitious out of measure,  
They mount aloft upon the wings of Pride;  
And often match more for this worldly Treasure,  
Than any loving-cause on earth beside:  
Which makes some wish rather there w're no gold  
Then love for it should base be bought and sold.

If such she be (as not be such is rare)  
What will my words, or sighs, or tears prevail;  
I enter then a Labyrinth of care,  
And strive against both wind and tide to sail:  
A restless Stone with *Sisyphus* I roul,  
And heap continual torments on my soul.

Then I attempt to fly with waxen wings,  
Where *Phœbus* Chariot burns in brightest flame,  
And shall be censur'd, that in childish things,  
As love, I have begot eternal shame:  
Rejected and despis'd, in base esteem  
To th' envious world, I shall no better seem.

But



*Of Guy Earl of Warwick.*

But cease, Loves coward, banish thoughts of fear,  
Be resolute, and good success attend thee;  
*Phelice* of force a loving heart must bear,  
If he that shoots love darts of gold befriend thee;  
And by no reason he can be thy foe,  
Because thou lov'st his mothers picture so.

I am resolv'd: Go on to *Phelice* Bower,  
And from as true a heart as flesh can yield,  
Intreat her hear me in a blessed hour,  
And with kind pity all my sorrows shield;  
To look upon me with remorse of mind,  
That holds my life as her love is inclin'd.

This said, to *Warwick*-Castle he repairs,  
Where the rich Jewel of his heart remain'd;  
Earl *Roband* bids him welcome, and prepares  
With hunting sports to have him entertain'd:  
But thereunto unwilling ear he lends,  
And sudden sickness for excuse pretends.

The Earl much grieved at this alteration,  
Sent his Physician for to do him good;  
Who told *Guy*, that his only preservation  
Consisted in the present letting blood:  
And that his body in distemperature,  
Was difficult and very hard to cure.

## The Famous History

Doctor (quoth *Guy*) 'tis true I know as much,  
I find my self to be exceeding ill;  
But there's a flower, which if I might but touch,  
Would heal me better then thy Physicks skill:  
'Tis called by a pretty pleasing name,  
And *Phelix* sounderth somewhat near the same.

Quoth the Physician, Sir, I know it not,  
Nor in the Herbal read of such a Flower:  
Yet in this Castle it is to be got;  
Said *Guy*, it grows not far from yonder Tower:  
I'll find it out my self, Doctor refrain,  
*Gallen* ne're had the Art to cure my pain.

Left in this passion to converse with moan,  
As in a window he did sighing lie,  
In a delightful Garden all alone,  
The Emp'ress of his thoughts he did espy;  
Which to his soul did much rejoycing bring,  
Fear was depos'd, and Hope was crowned King.

Now is the time (quoth he) fair Fortunes Sun  
Shines favourable on my gloomy cares:  
Now may I end the grief that love begun,  
And boldly ask good hap, how well she fares:  
Now I enter into yonder shade,  
To Court the worlds admired Beauteous Maid.

*Phelice*

## Of Guy Earl of Warwick.


*Phalice* I come, assist me (*Cupid*) now;  
Prepare an Arrow ready for thy bow;  
I never went a wooing: teach me how  
Good action (with good speech) I may bestow:  
But above all things, gentle *Cupid*, move her,  
That she believe me, when I swear I love her.

With speed unto the Garden then he goes,  
Where one of *Phalice* Damsels let him in;  
And in a curious Arbour of repose,  
Finds *Cytherea* with her silver skin:  
Whom he salutes with grace and majesty,  
Beholding her with love's enchanting eye.

Fairest (quoth he) of all the works in Nature,  
Whose equal never breath'd this common air,  
More wonderful then earth can yield a creature.  
For every part belonging unto fair;  
Immortal Creature of Coelestial frame,  
Eternal honour still attend thy name.

I come to thee about the like poor suit,  
That once *Leander* came to *Hera* with,  
Hoping thereby to reap more lovely fruit;  
Then *Mars* attain'd when he deceiv'd the Smith.  
'Tis only love that I with heart present;  
'Tis only love must give my soul content.

Incline.




## *The Famous History*

Incline (sweet Lady) to my humble motion;  
Compassionate the grief that I endure.  
Regard my life that rests at thy devotion.  
With pity take my dying heart in cure:  
O let it not in groaning torment swell!  
And break in twain, because it loves thee well.

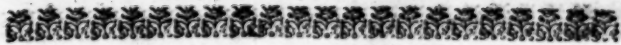
Great Princes love thee, this I knew before,  
And deeds of honour for thy name have done.  
But neither King nor Prince can love thee more  
Then doth poor *Guy* thy Father Stewards Son;  
His love to thee is so inestimable,  
To countervail it all, they are not able.

*Phelice* thus interrupts his Protestation:  
No more of Love, cease gentle Youth (quoth she)  
I have a mind fram'd of another fashion,  
Virginity shall live and die with me;  
Love is compos'd of idleness and play,  
And leadeth unto vain delights that stray.

Besides, it ill beseems thee, be so bold,  
Inferiour and unfit for my degree:  
And if unto my Father this was told,  
I know it would procure reproof to thee.  
The Proverb in this point might make thee wise.  
*That Princely Eagles scorn the catching Flies.*  
And

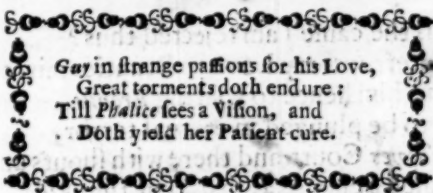






## Of Guy Earl of Warwick.

And with this answer he departed thence,  
Leaving poor *Guy* more vexed than before:  
For now in deep despair of recompence,  
He never doth expect Loves comfort more;  
But unto sorrow, sighs and tears doth give,  
VVishing each day the last he had to live.



*Guy* in strange passions for his Love,  
Great torments doth endure:  
Till *Phalice* sees a Vision, and  
Doth yield her Patient cure.

### CANTO II.

**V**With tired thoughts remain this woful wight,  
Distracted in his melancholly mind,  
Partaking nothing that contains delight;  
All things are harsh, distastful, out of kind.  
*Phalice* denies him Love; whose sound of breath,  
Is like the Judge that dooms a man to death.

Like to *Orestes* in his frantick fits;  
He tare the golden tresses from his head:  
Or mad *Orlando* quite depriv'd of wits,  
From whom the use of sence and reason fled:  
So fares it with this Love-tormented man,  
VVhose raging thoughts into disorder ran.

C

Society



## The Famous History

Society he shuns, and keeps alone,  
Accusing Destiny, and cursing *Beauty* ;  
He hates himself, and is a friend to none,  
Beyond the limits of all love and duty :  
*Jenus* (quoth he) how are thy Laws forgot,  
Thus to afflict him that offends thee not ?

What is the cause I am rejected thus ?  
Who interrupts my Love to Beauties mirror ?  
I'll drag him hence to roaring *Erebus*,  
There to be plunged in eternal terror.  
I'll to *Joves* Court, and there with shouts and cries,  
Make such a clamor as shall rent the skies.

Shall I be cozened as *Orpheus* was ?  
Assist me *Thesens* to revenge this wrong.  
Where's *Radamant*, that Justice cannot pass ?  
*Euroidice* is sold even for a Song :  
Fiends, Furies, Goblins, *Hidra's*, for a fall,  
I am prepar'd to manage with you all.

I'll mount upon the back of *Pegasus*,  
And in bright *Phæbus* flames my self will wrap :  
Then will I tumble windy *Eolus*  
To sleep in *Thetis* watery chrystal lap.  
From thence I'll post unto the torrid Zone,  
To find which way fair *Phelice* Love is gone.

Jason

Of Guy Earl of Warwick.

Jason had luck to win the Golden Fleece,  
I like the Skin, but for the horns I care not :  
Fair *Hellen* was a waggish Wench of Greece,  
Bold *Mars* will venture, bashful *Venus* cares not,  
Trust a fair face ? Not I, let him that list,  
What's *Hercules* without a Club in's fist ?

Thus for a time his Sences were deprived,  
Being left by Love as blind as *Cupids* eyes ;  
Till Reason to perfections state revived,  
And extream passions ceast to Tyrannize :  
For in a Vision *Phalice* did descry  
The power of Love, and yields her heart to *Guy*.

By *Morpheus* possesst of quiet sleep,  
In dead of night, when Visions do appear,  
The Heart-tormenter, he that pierceth deep,  
And maketh Lovers buy their bargain dear,  
Sends from his bow a shaft with golden head,  
And wounded *Phalice* in her Maiden-bed.

Before her he presents a *Martial* Wight,  
Clad all in Armour, for Encounters fit ;  
And says, Sweet *Virgin* love this man of might,  
Give him thy heart, for he doth merit it ;  
For *Valour*, *Courage*, comely shape and limb ;  
The World hath not a Champion like to him.

The Famous History



Fair Phælice in a Vision  
 Entertains the love of Guy;  
 Injoyning him adventures strange,  
 His manly force to try.

*Of Guy Earl of Warwick.*

Great honour (Lady) thou shalt gain thereby,  
T' adorn thy Noble and renowned birth;  
He shall aspire unto such Majesty,  
His Name shall be a terror on the Earth:  
He shall become a Champion unto Kings,  
And by the Sword perform admired things.

Be not ambitious that thou art high-born,  
Be not disdainful of a mean estate;  
Be not defiled with the brand of scorn,  
Be not too proud that thou art Beauties Mate;  
For 'tis in vain to strive against my bow;  
If I say, Love, it must and shall be so.


Fix not thy thoughts vainly on Worldly wealth,  
(Coyn should not be foundation unto Love)  
Corrupted hearts it draws away by stealth;  
These Money-Matches cannot happy prove:  
For as the Goods of Fortune do decay,  
So love, which they beget, consumes away.

I know how *Plato's* golden Treasure sways,  
By devillish and accursed false illusion:  
I know how Womens humours now adays,  
Run after Riches to their own confusion;  
I see the Peasant with most abject life,  
With Gold enough can buy a dainty Wife.

A

C 3

But




## The Famous History

But *Phelice*, if thou knew'st as much as I,  
How base the gods esteem of such abuses,  
When Beauty sells, and Riches comes to buy,  
Which are not made for one anothers uses;  
Thou wouldest scorn that Maidens should be sold  
As Cattel are, for Silver and for Gold.

Love must be simple, harmless, pure and plain,  
And take Original from true affection;  
It must reciprocal return again,  
Or else it doth discover imperfection:  
Loves inward thoughts concur with outward deeds  
Such as from loyalty and truth proceeds.

Thy Lover comes not for advancement to thee;  
In that thy Father is a worthy Earl:  
It is not Dowry that can cause him woo thee;  
Hast thou the *Arabian Gold*, or *Indian Pearl*:  
But as great *Jupiter* to *Leda* came  
For a sweet face, his purpose is the same.

Therefore sweet Virgin use him kindly well,  
Make much of *Guy*, imbrace him for thine own;  
Afford him Love-room in thy heart to dwell;  
Let him no longer live in pensive moan,  
But the next time thou dost behold his face,  
Give him encouragement, with kind imbrace:  
And



## Of Guy Earl of Warwick.

And with that word (*imbrace*) he shot, and hit  
The very Center of her tender heart ;  
Feeling the wound, she starts, awak'd with it,  
Being taught thereby to pity Lovers smart,  
For *Cupid* drew his Arrow to the head,  
Because he would be sure she should be sped.

With that she fetch'd a sigh, a grievous one,  
And from her eyes a shower of Fears did fall :  
Where is (quoth she) the gentle Love-God gone,  
Whose power I find is powerful over all ?  
Oh ! call him back, my fault I do confess ;  
I have in Love been too too pitiless.

Sweet Boy, sollicite for me to thy Mother,  
And at her Altars I will sacrifice,  
From this day forth I will adore no other,  
No Goddess shall be gracious in mine eyes,  
But she that hath imperious rule and might,  
To lead obdurate hearts to kind delight.

Compassion now hath worthy Conquest made  
Of that strong Fort that did resistance make :  
One shaft had been sufficient to perswade  
A League for life, a Truce till death doth take.  
Gny more then Life, doth *Phelice* love prefer,  
*Phelice* affects *Gny* dear, as he doth her.

But



## The Famous History

But unto him her love is yet unknown,  
Though his be made apparent long before :  
He understands not that she is his own,  
He feels no salve apply'd unto his sore ;  
'Till forc'd by passions, and constrain'd laments,  
A second Suit he boldly thus presents.

*Phelice*, I was arraigned long ago,  
And now I look for Judgment at thy hand :  
I have been prisoner in a Jayl of wo  
So long, that speedy sentence I demand :  
Oh speak unto me either life or death !  
For I am tired with my vital breath.

If kindness dwell in that fair shape of thine,  
Express it with (*I love*) if none there be,  
Then say, *I cannot unto Love incline* ;  
And so thou mak'st a quick dispatch with me,  
Censure me sudden, either smile or frown,  
I will not live thus for this Kingdoms Crown.

*Phelice* reply'd, 'Tis not at my dispose,  
To fashion Love, without my Friends consent ;  
What, would you wish me to be one of those,  
That are to Parents disobedient ?  
Shall fond affections over-rule the will,  
And do you good, to be accounted ill ?

You

## Of Guy Earl of Warwick.

You know my Fathers greatness in the Land,  
And if he should (as there's no other like)  
The love of one too mean for me withstand,  
How could we bear the stroke, disgrace would strik?  
Nothing but death would make my sorrow sweet,  
And shame would wrap me in a Wind-sheet.

Doubt not of Father in this case (quoth he)  
For *Warwick's* Earl (the Honourable man)  
Shall see such deeds of Valour done by me,  
To have dislike he neither will nor can.  
Injoin me what adventures thou think'st good,  
That wounds and scars may let my body blood.

Why then (quoth she) *Guy*, make thy valour shine  
Throughout the World, as glorious as the Sun;  
My heart, my soul, my life, my love is thine;  
What deeds of honour by thy hands are done:  
Make thy self famous by a Martial life,  
And then take *Phelice* for thy lawful wife.

I ask no more (said he) to gain thy love:  
I shall esteem it bought at easie rate;  
O that I were at work, my task to prove,  
With *Hercules*, or some such churlish Mate!  
*Phelice* farewell, this kiss thou gavest me  
Shall make a number kiss the ground for thee.

on W

D

From

## The Famous History

From *England* *Guy* to *France* doth go,  
where deeds of Arms are done;  
And whence returns triumphantly,  
with all his Prises won.

### CANTO III.

**I**Nlarg'd from sorrows thralldom by hopes bail,  
*Guy* arms his thoughts with Honours enterprise;  
Imbarks himself, and into *France* doth sail,  
Leaving fair *England*, where his comfort hes:  
He seeks for enemies, he longs for foes,  
And now desires to be a dealing blows.

In *Normandy* arriv'd, he understands  
That there was Warlike-busines to be done,  
For valiant Knights of divers *Christian Lands*,  
The race of Valour did intend to run:  
A great advantage was propounded there,  
Which news was Musick to his greedy ear.

The prize that drew them all unto this place,  
Was Daughter to the *Almain* Emperour,  
Fair *Blanch*, with such a wondrous heavenly face,  
It had attractive beauty full of power:  
In her such Graces did unite together,  
The Worthies of the World came posting thither.  
Who

*Of Guy Earl of Warwick.*

Who won the Damsel (it was thus decreed)  
By manly courage, and victorious might,  
Should have her mounted on a milk white Steed,  
Two Grey-hounds, and a Faulcon all as white:  
This was his lot that could attain the day,  
To bear the Honour, and the Maid away.

Our *English* Knight prepares him for the field,  
Where Kings were present, Princes did repair;  
Where Dukes and Earls a great Assembly held,  
About the face that was so wondrous fair:  
Though only one must speed, and hundred miss,  
Yet each man there imagines *Blanch* is his.

The spacious field where they assembled were,  
Hardly afforded room for armed crouds:  
The golden glittering Armour that was there,  
Did dart the Sun-beams back into the clouds:  
The pamper'd horses proudly stamp't the ground,  
To hear the clamor of the Trumpets sound.

A *German* Prince of an undaunted sprite,  
A first and very fierce Encounter gave  
Unto an Earl, whose valour did requite  
With blow for blow, as resolutely brave;  
Till by a stroke the Earl receiv'd on's head,  
He was unhors'd, falling to ground for dead.

*The Famous History* 10

Then *Guy* came forth with courage to the Prince,  
And deals with him as *Hercules* would do;  
Like force he never felt before nor since;  
Such hard extreame he ne're was put unto;  
Just where himself had laid the Earl in frownd;  
There down comes he, both horse & man to ground.

Duke *Otton* seeing this, was in a rage,  
And desperate humour did incense him so;  
He vow'd by Heaven nothing should assuage  
His fury, but the death of that proud Foe.  
Prepare thee, fight, to breath thy last (quoth he)  
Monster, or Devil, or what e're thou be.

They joyn together with a dreadful fight,  
The splinters fly, and clattering Armour sounds;  
The dust ascendeth up and blinds their sight;  
The blood allays it, streaming forth their wounds;  
Both their Swords brake, they light, and on his back  
*Guy* threw the Duke, that ev'n his bones did crack.

Duke *Rainer* would revenge his Cousin then;  
And for encounter he prepareth next.  
Quoth *Guy*, I find y'ar wretches and no men,  
That wish a blow or fall so soon be vext:  
But come and welcome, I am for you all;  
We say in *England*, The weakest must to the wall.

They

## Of Guy Earl of Warwick.

They rush together, that the ground did shake,  
While animating Trumpets sound alarm;  
In Rainer's shoulder Guy a wound did make,  
Whereby he lost the use of his right arm,  
Yielding himself as others did before,  
Unable once to wield his weapon more.

Then for a while all stood amaz'd at Guy,  
And not a man was forward to proceed;  
Till Lovaines Duke his Fortunes went to try,  
Having good hope, that he should better speed:  
Well mounted, and well arm'd, he fair did sit  
On a proud Steed, that ill injur'd the bit.

I think (quoth he) thou some Inchanter art,  
That hath the force of Magick in thine arm:  
I'll teach thee to believe ere we depart,  
Quoth Guy, for thou shalt feel that I can charm:  
I'll conjure thee even with an Iron Spell,  
My sword shall send thee unto Heaven or Hell.

With that he lent him such a cruel stroke,  
That th' other did return a weak reply;  
With second, and with third his Helmet broke;  
Hold, hold (quoth he) I'll rather yield than die;  
Fight for a Woman he that list for me;  
I think the Devil cannot deal with thee.

*The Famous History*

Then not a man that would Encounter more,  
They all were terrifi'd, and stood in fear;  
And in a rage among themselves they swore,  
What, shall a stranger all the honour bear  
Of this great day? What curst fortune's this,  
That all the glory of the field is his!

Amongst themselves his happiness they curse,  
In envies heart, not knowing what to do;  
They could have kill'd him, but that no man durst  
Put his own life in hazard thereunto:  
If wishes might have done it, he had di'd,  
But fight with him not any could abide.

The Emperour, for *Guy*, a Knight did send,  
Asking his name, and birth-right, which he told;  
Then said his Majesty, I much commend  
Thy haughty Courage resolutely bold:  
Brave *English* man thou art thy Country's pride,  
In Europe lives not such a man beside.

I do admire thy worth, thy Valour's great,  
To speak thy praise my tongue cannot suffice;  
Ascend to Honour's just deserved seat,  
That art a second  *Hector*  in mine eyes:  
This day thy worthy hand hath shew'd me more,  
Then in my life I ever saw before.

Come



## Of Guy Earl of Warwick.

Come and receive thy due desert of me;  
My Daughter's love is free at thy dispose;  
The Grey-hounds, Steed, and Faulcon take to thee;  
Thy worthiness doth merit more then those;  
Hold, here's a Jewell, wear it for my sake;  
Which is a witness of my Love do make.

Guy thank'd his Highness for his gracious favour;  
And vow'd him service whilst his life did last;  
Then to the Princess with a mild behaviour,  
A reverent, humble, modest look he cast;  
Saying, Fair Lady, Fortune is my Friend,  
That doth such beauty to my lot extend.

Madam, accept your loyal *English* Knight,  
To do true service when you please command it;  
Who while he hath a drop of blood, will fight  
In your behalf, against who dare withstand it;  
To be your Husband is degree too high,  
His Grace sufficient, call me Servant Guy.

In *England* doth my Marriage-Love remain;  
To whom I must and will be true for ever;  
About whose face Nature hath took such pain,  
I durst have sworn flesh could have matcht it never;  
But now I find (that curiously have ey'd her)  
There is a *Phoenix* in the world beside her.

And

*The Famous History* 70

And that's your self; I, dare the World deny it?  
But which is fairest, eye cannot decide,  
No humane judgment in the world can try it.  
VVho hath most Beauty, *Blanch*, or my fair Bride:  
I dare be bold to call you Beauties twins,  
And *Venus* Blackamore to both your skins?

Oh *Phelice*! here's thy picture in this Princess,  
Methinks, th'art present in her lovely look;  
Thou that of my souls faculties art Mistress,  
Recorded in Times brazen-leaved book;  
To thee if I prove false, or be misled,  
*Joves* fearful vengeance light upon my head.

Quoth *Blanch*, thy constancy (and sighed deep)  
Is highly to be praised; thou dost well:  
He that Loves-promise will not faithful keep,  
In horrors and in torments let him dwell:  
But I suppose thy Vows are yet to make,  
And so what thy Sword won, thy heart may take.

VVhat I avouch is true, the heavens knows,  
My Protestations are above the skies;  
Madam, the Sun declines, day ancient grows,  
I'll take my leave of you in humble wise.  
My body is unto repose inclin'd,  
Although no rest be in my troubled mind.

My

## Of Guy Earl of Warwick.

~~My troubled mind's in Warwick Castle now,~~

Although my body be in *Normandy* :  
Here I make others bend, there do I bow,  
And lowly as the humble ground do lye,  
Even at Loves feet I cast my self to ground,  
Though Victory my temples here have crown'd :

I cannot stay, I must to *England* back,  
My mind mis-gives me, *Phelice* is not well :  
Like my sad thoughts, my Armour shall be black !  
I'll sute me in a mournful Iron shell ;  
For where the mind meets with suspicious cares,  
Distrust is ever dealing doubtful shares.

Yet I have much good fortune on my side,  
That know the means how to attain my blis ;  
For *Phelice* love is to conditions ty'd,  
And I do trust she is my own by this :  
By this she may : but if she more require,  
There's nothing in the world I will deny'r.

With hasty journey he is homeward bound,  
Leaving the vulgar to the nine days wonder :  
Arriving safely on the English ground ;  
Posting to her, suppos'd too long asunder :  
Whom with more joy his chearful looks behold,  
Then can by pen, or lines of ink be told.

# The Famous History



In France all Knights of Christendom,  
To win a Princess, meet:  
Guy Conquers all, and wins the prize,  
Then doth his Goddess greet.

CANT. 4.

## Of Guy Earle of Warwick.

With the rewards of Victory,  
Guy doth his Love present;  
But Phalica is not satisfied  
Him forth again she sent.

### Canto 4.

**I**N the supposed Haven of repose,  
Hope casteth Anchor for his Barque to ride:  
With kind salute unto his Love he goes:  
Who gives embracement, and all things beside  
Befits affection; all such complements  
As Love can look for, gracious she presents.

Fair Foe (quoth Guy) I come to challenge thee,  
For there's no man that I can meet, will fight;  
I have been where a Crew of Cowards be,  
Not one that dares maintain a Ladies right:  
Good proper fellows of their tongues, and tall,  
That let me win a Princess from them all.

Phalica, this Sword hath won an Emperors daughter,  
As sweet a Wench as lives in Europes space;  
At price of blows, and bloody wounds I bought her,  
Well worth my bargain; but thy better face  
Hath made me leave her to some others Lory  
For, I protest by Heavens, I love her not.


THE FAMOUS HISTORY

This stately Steed, this Faulcon, and those Hounds  
I took, as in full payment of the rest :  
For I will keep my love within the bounds  
That do inclose the compass of my brest :  
My constancy to thee is all my care,  
Leaving all other women as they are.

But Sweet-heart, tell me, shall I have thee now ?  
Wilt thou consent the Priest shall do his part ?  
Art thou resolved still to keep thy Vow ?  
Is none but I half with thee in thy heart ?  
Canst thou forsake the World, change Maiden life,  
And help thy faithful Lover to a Wife ?

Quoth *Phelice*, worthy Knight, my joys are great,  
To understand thy honourable deeds :  
It seems some were in such a bloody sweat,  
Their Valour, Fame and Reputation bleeds :  
I give thee humble thanks, that for my sake  
Such hard adventures didst vouchsafe to take.

To win a Princess was a precious prize ;  
But sure, me thinks, if I had been Sir *Guy*,  
She should have found more favour in mine eyes,  
Than take a Horse, and turn a Lady by.  
What, is a Horse, a Faulcon and a Hound,  
More worthy then a Lady for renown'd ?  
Perhaps



## Of Guy Earl of Warwick.

Perhaps you'l say, 'Tis done for love of me ;  
I do imagine, nay, believe it so :  
And though I jest, I will do more for thee,  
Than thou, or any but my self doth know :  
I'le never marry while life's glasse doth run,  
But only thee ; thee, or I'le dye a Nun.

But give me leave to speak my mind (kind Love)  
Let me lock up my secrets in thy brest :  
I had a Vision did affection move,  
*Cupid* came to me in my quiet rest,  
And did command me, in his Mothers Name,  
To love thee : thus perswading to the same.


An armed man (just as I see thee now )  
He set before me, speaking to me thus :  
*Phalice* be gentle-hearted, yeelding, bow,  
Do not oppose against the power of us,  
But all thy love, thy loyalty and truth,  
Bestow it freely on this matchless youth.

Throughout the world his fame shall be admired,  
And mighty men shall tremble at his wrath :  
To end Kings quarrels he shall be required,  
His worthiness shall tread no common path :  
But actions to be fear'd, he shall effect,  
Matters of moment, things of great respect.

This







## The Famous History

This (in effect) he did to me relate,  
And I have been obedient to his will:  
Now if I would, I know not how to hate;  
Of perfect kindness I am taught the skill:  
Believe me, *Guy*, for if it were not so,  
This secret of my heart thou shouldst not know.


But now, my Love, before thou dost possess  
Thy constant *Phelice* in her Marriage-bed,  
Thou must do deeds of greater worthiness  
Than winning of a Lady with her Steed.  
I'll ever love thee, though I ne'er do more,  
But will not grant thee use of love before.

Not grant me use of Love (quoth he) fair Friend?  
Why then of force I must abroad again:  
I will content thee, or I'll make an end  
One way or other, slay, or else be slain:  
Ere I return again into this Realm,  
Thou shalt confess I have fulfill'd thy Dream.

Assist me Heavens, as I mean upright:  
For I protest by all the Powers Divine,  
No unjust Quarrel shall procure me fight,  
To wrong the wronged I will ne'er incline;  
But stand for those that by oppression fall,  
In Honours venture, be it life and all.

Come,





## Of Guy Earl of Warwick.

Come, my *Bellona*, do thou gird my sword,  
Embrace my Armour in thy Ivory arms,  
And such kind kisses as thou canst afford,  
Bestow upon me in the stead of Charms :  
I think upon *Ulysses* loving Wife,  
How thou art now to imitate her life.


Farwel, my *Pbalice*, health and happiness  
Attend thee ever, to thy hearts desire :  
And I beseech God grant me like success,  
As I resolve my love to thee intire,  
At my return, when *Mars* his business ends,  
My comfort is, *Hymen* will make amends.

And so unto Earl *Roband* he repairs,  
And tells him he is come to take his leave,  
He must seek out where Honour dealeth shares,  
To purchase that which worthy men receive.  
At home (saith he) my honourable Lord,  
I find that Valour nothing can afford.

Therefore, I'll search abroad what's to be done,  
From Country unto Kingdom I'll resort :  
By Natures course my Glass hath much to run :  
I well may spare some years for fighting sport :  
Of idleness there's nothing comes but evil,  
I hate a Coward, as I hate the Devil.

Guy





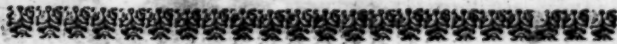
## *The Famous History*

Gny (quoth the Earl) thou mak'st me grieve at this,  
The news is more then I can well endure,  
Thy wished company so soon to amiss,  
VVhen I did make account I had been sure  
Possest of thee, at thy late travels end;  
And dost thou now Journeys anew intend?

Remain with me, trust not to Fortunes power,  
Though now she have so well and kindly dealt:  
She may allot thee an unlucky hour,  
That instantly her favours so have felt:  
Her courtesies are most unconstrant things,  
Believe her not, she dealeth false with Kings.

Triumphant on her wheel thou now dost sit,  
And with Fames triumph thy glory doth remain:  
Oh! do not over-rashly hazard it,  
Lost honour is not eas'ly got again.  
May not one cursed and unhappy blow,  
Betray thy life to thy insulting Foe!

May not a Monster, or a savage beast,  
At unawares deprive thee of thy breath?  
May not a Tyrant, when thou thinkest least,  
Cut off thy course by an untimely death?  
May not a thousand dangers on thee light,  
VVhere but thy self, thy wronged self must right?  
(Quoth



## Of Guy Earle of Warwick.

(Quoth *Guy*) My Lord, danger he may not fear,  
That to adventures doth himself dispose;  
He must a mind of resolution bear,  
And think himself too good for all his foes;  
I'll never dread I shall be over-man'd,  
While I have hands to fight, or legs to stand.

Therefore in humble sort I leave your Honour,  
Wishing all health unto your happy state:  
If Fortune take a frowning mood upon her,  
Why, she shall see I will disdain her hate:  
What star soever sway'd when I was born,  
I have a mind will laugh mis-hap to scorn.


*Guy* to the Duke of *Lovain* goes,  
And joyns with him in strength  
Against the Emperour *Reyner*,  
Then makes his peace at length.

### CANTO 5.

**N**OW *Guy* expects a favourable gail,  
Which to his hearts desire he doth attain;  
And with a speedy passage he doth sail,  
To seek adventures out in *France* again;  
Where finding none, from thence away he hies  
To *Lovain*, where in siege the Emp'rour lies.

F

For



## The Famous History

For *Segwin* Duke of *Lovain*'s hap was such,  
At Turnament a Noble man to kill,  
'The Emperers Cousin, whom he loved much,  
And took the death of him exceeding ill:  
So that a quarrel thereupon arose,  
And Wars insu'd betwixt two mighty foes.

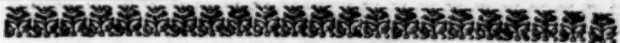
Thither goes *Guy* to lend the Duke his aid;  
But in the way an accident befel:  
For by Duke *Otton* he was false betray'd,  
And's life in question, which he free'd well.  
*Otton* in *France* before disgrac'd by *Guy*,  
Had vow'd where e're he met him, he should die.

And to that end, sixteen appointed were  
To lie in ambush, and surprise him so;  
All men of resolution, void of fear,  
That in a Forrest did themselves bestow,  
And set on *Guy*, only with three Knights more;  
The like distress he ne'er was in before.

Now Gentlemen, and loving friends (quoth he)  
Shew your selves English-hearted, rightly bred:  
Here is some odds, sixteen unto you three;  
But I, the fourth, will stand you in some stead;  
You three shall combat six, that's two for one;  
And with the other ten let me alone.

Where





## Of Guy *Earl of Warwick.*

Wherewith he drew his sword, and laid about,  
That ratling armour eccho'd in the skye;  
Dealing so resolute amongst the rout,  
That down they drop on every side, and dye.  
Here lieth one that hath no legs to stand,  
And there another wanting head and hand.

*Guy* quickly made dispatch of his half-score,  
He was not long in ridding them away:  
But then remained half a dozen more,  
Which two of his most worthy Knights did slay:  
When he perceiv'd them fall, he stamp't the ground,  
And uttered forth this fearful angry sound:

Ah Villains! how my soul abhors this sight:  
For these how my revenging passion strives!  
This bloody deed with blood I will requite;  
You dye for it, had each a thousand lives:  
Two slain out-right, and *Heraud* wounded too,  
Is the last cursed act that you shall do.

With force (as 'twere, exceeding humane strength)  
He lays upon them blows to stagger und'r, (length  
And brought them breathless to the ground, at  
Cut all in piece-meal for the Crows aunder:  
There lye (quoth he) and feast Fowls of the air,  
Or feed those savage-beasts that will repair.

## The Famous History

But these sweet Gentlemen that have resign'd  
Their dearest lives for the defence of me,  
And came from *England*, as their love inclin'd,  
Companions in my hardest haps to be;  
I will interr in honourable wise,  
With best solemnity I can devise.

From thence unto a Hermit, dwelling nigh,  
He rode, and did commit that charge with cares;  
Who did perform the Office carefully,  
And *Herand* home unto his Cell he bare:  
Who was not dead, though *Guy* suppos'd him slain;  
But by the Hermit was restor'd again.

Now forth goes *Guy*, pensive, perplexed, sad,  
Grieving that Destiny so cruel dealt;  
For left alone, no company he had,  
To ease the torments that in heart he felt:  
Till travelling along, at last he found  
A place for honour very much renown'd.

There did he meet with Tilt and Tournament,  
And entertain both glory and delight;  
There Fortune yeilded him her full consent  
To win the best of every valiant Knight:  
Of all the worthy men that did resort,  
Not one could match him in Duke *Reyners* Court.  
Then



Of Guy Earl of Warwick.


Then to the Duke of *Millain* he repairs,  
Where for his worth he is admir'd of all :  
And understanding that some great affairs  
'Twixt *Segwin* Duke of *Lovain* did befall,  
And th' Emperor ; *Millain* he did forsake,  
And towards *Lovain* did his journey take.

As he did pass upon the way, he meets  
A Pilgrim, that with travel seemed faint :  
VVhom in all humane courtesies he greets,  
And with some news entreats him to acquaint  
His longing ear : he with a sigh or two,  
Said, Sir, with news I little have to do.

One thing in all this world is all my care,  
And onely that, and nothing else I mind ;  
I seek a man, and seek him in despair,  
Because I long have sought, and cannot find :  
A man more dearly to my souls-love ty'd,  
Then all the men are in the world beside.

VVhy, what art thou, (quoth *Guy*?) or who is he?  
Of kindness be so kind as tell in brief.  
I am an English man, of Knights degree,  
(Quoth *Herand*) and the subject of my grief;  
Is loss of one Sir *Guy*, my Countrey-man :  
*Guy* with joys tears lights to embrace him than.

And



## The Famous History

And art thou living, *Herand*, my dear friend,  
(Quoth he) and kindly took him in his arms?  
Then cheerfully let sorrows all take end,  
And let me know who cur'd thee of thy harms?  
The good old Hermit by his skill did save me,  
With wholsome Medicines, and Salves he gave me.

*Guy* did rejoyce, and *Herand*'s joys abound  
At this so good and happy accident;  
No angry Star in opposition frown'd,  
But each was owner of his own content:  
So posting with good fortune on their side,  
Unto the Duke of *Lovain* they do ride:

The City in distress besieg'd they find,  
And very small resistance could be made;  
But *Segwin* was right joyful in his mind,  
That worthy *Guy* was come unto his aid.  
For now (quoth he) boldly presume I can,  
We have an honourable valiant man,

Advise me, warlike Knight, what's to be done,  
To free the present danger we are in:  
My Lord (quoth *Guy*) there's freedom to be won  
Ev'n by a course my self will first begin:  
Let's issue forth upon them presently,  
Our courages will make the Cowards flye.

I'll



## Of Guy Earle of Warwick.

I'll give consent to any thing thou wilt,  
Thy project willingly I do approve :  
Let limb be lost, let life and blood be spilt,  
All follow thee, that come to men in love.  
Open the Gates, let's bear them from our walls,  
*He lyes no lower then the ground, that falls.*

Then suddenly the City they forsake,  
And on the *Almains* resolutely set,  
Where such a bloody slaughter they did make,  
That many thousand lives paid Death his debt;  
Of thirty thousand that in siege there lay,  
Scarce thirty hundred that escap'd away.

The Emperor at this was much agrieved,  
And with new forces gave a new assault,  
Knowing the City could not be relieved,  
And then their strength would weaken by default :  
So comes upon them with a fresh supply,  
Thinking at length to famish them thereby.

*Guy* and the Duke upon the walls appear,  
And tell him he shall never win the Town ;  
For they can spare their Soldiers much good chear,  
Throwing them victuals in abundance down :  
Intreating them, if they want more than that,  
To speak, they shall have store to make them fat.  
But

*The Famous History*

But now (quoth *Guy*) your bodies are well fed,  
How do you feel your stomachs to go fight?  
I am afraid you are not rightly bred,  
But Dunghils, that will sooner crow then bite:  
For still when Cowards do begin a fray,  
Look ere it ends, to see them run away.

And so your selves have lately done; we see, (feels,  
Your tongues were heard, but hands there's no man  
Most hot to brabble and content you be,  
But wondrous quick and nimble at your heels:  
VVe did suspect when you came here to forage,  
VVe should have bin incumbred with your courage

But 'tis not so, alas, y<sup>e</sup> are not the men,  
Unless perhaps asleep you should us catch;  
For walking, we'l encounter one for ten,  
And never wish to have a better match.  
Have at yon once again, sit fast, we come;  
March on my hearts, sound trumpet, strike up drum.

Upon the sudden with the Foe they be,  
Fighting like men that laugh't pale death to scorn;  
Resolved now, they would their City free,  
Or never live to see the next day morn.  
Much blood was shed, great store of lives it cost,  
And on the *Almains* side the day was lost.

The

**Of Guy Earl of Warwick.**

The Duke, with *Guy*, pursue their foes in chase,  
Who like so many Hares away do fly;  
Wishing that they had wings to mend their pace,  
So sweet is life to them that fear to die:  
But Fortune in an angry doom decreed,  
Their glory, honour, fame, and life should bleed.

The Victors to the City then retired,  
With Trophies of triumphant glory won;  
And all that heard the action much admired,  
the great exploit so resolutely done:  
But unto *Guy* the Duke all thanks did yield,  
For thou (quoth he) art *Cesar* of our field.

My Lord (quoth *Guy*) I joy not half so much,  
That we have wrought a freedom by the sword;  
As I should glory, if my hap were such,  
'Twixt you and th' Emperour to make accord:  
Give me but leave, I will endeavour it;  
And put good will to a blunt Soldiers wit.

The Duke consents with thanks, and doth intreat  
Him take a guard of Soldiers forth the Town,  
Danger that seems but little may prove great,  
I would not have thee wrong'd for *Reyners* Crown:  
Go, honourable man, what thou shalt do,  
I'll set my hand, my heart, my life thereto.

vdT

G

*Guy*

## The Famous History

Guy goes unto the Emperour, speaks thus ;  
High Majesty, all health unto thy Grace,  
And peace to thee, if thou say peace to us ;  
And love to thee, if thou wilt love embrace :  
As we are Christians, let us war no more,  
But fight 'gainst such as will not God adore.

We sue to thee not in a servile manner,  
As dreading any power or force thou hast ;  
For victory doth now display his banner,  
And war yields us a sweet and pleasant tast ;  
No cause doth move it, but a Conscience-cause,  
To bring the Heathens to Religious Laws.

Speak *Reyner*, and resolve, what wilt thou do ?  
With Soldiers brevity my Message ends ;  
Give me an answer ev'n as brief heretofore.  
Shall we be Christian-Foes or Christian-Friends ?  
Shall we among our selves the name divide ?  
Or challenge them that have the same deny'd.

Brave English man ! hadst thou spake thus before,  
Thousands, quoth he, had liv'd, which now are slain ;  
Earth should have wanted of that slaughtered store,  
Which doth in her vast bowels now remain :  
Thou hast prevail'd with me, hot war shall cease,  
And I embrace thee as a friend in peace.

Thy

## Of Guy Earl of Warwick.

Thy motion tends to honour, Honours Knight,  
And thou shalt live in Fames immortal praise:  
When thou art buried in eternal night,  
Thy name shall last the longest length of days.  
Thou dost the Worthies of the World exceed,  
Blest be the Country did thy person breed.

Come, go my Liege (quoth *Guy*) unto the Town,  
And to Duke *Segwin* there a League renew:  
Our end shall be to pull the Pagans down,  
That unto Christs Religion are untrue.  
My greatest joy will be to hear it said,  
This is the best days work that e're *Guy* made.

*Guy* with a thousand chosen men,  
against the Pagans goes.  
And makes them curse that e're they felt  
the force of Christian blows,

### CANTO VI.

**T**He power of peace hath vanquish'd stubborn war  
And mighty Princes worthily confide;  
The Sword shall rust in sheath before it jar,  
To be with blood of Innocents imbrew'd:  
Christians in name and actions to unite  
Gainst unbelieving Infidels to fight.



## The Famous History

*Cny* with a thousand men doth take his leave,  
To hearken further after Martial news,  
And doth a true intelligence receiue,  
That barbarous Pagans, Saracens and Jews,  
Turks, and the like, of *Mahomet's* blind crew,  
In most confused War each others slew.

To them he goes, partial on neither part,  
His sword did favour every side alike,  
They all were odious to him in his heart;  
Which arm'd his hand with vigour for to strike,  
And work amazement unto their contending.  
Coming so roughly to their quarrels ending.

Quoth they amongst themselves, what fellow's this,  
That lays about him like a mad man thus?  
Of certainty, more then a man he is;  
For humane force would fear to fight with us:  
But if he be as seemeth by his shape,  
Had he ten thousand lives he should not scape.

Then did a haughty Pagan step to *Cny*,  
And said to him, If Valour in thee rest,  
Let's have a little sport 'twixt thee and I,  
Only to see which of our swords cuts best:  
Thou hast a weapon there is like a Reed;  
Methinks it is too blunt to make one bleed,

Too

## Of Guy *Earl of Warwick.*

Too blunt (quoth *Guy*) and in his anger groans;  
Pagan, I like thy humour passing well;  
I'le whet it e're we part upon thy bones,  
And then another tale thou wilt me tell;  
If it should fail me now, it were a wonder,  
Such Lubbers it hath often hew'd in sunder.

But come, art ready? Bid thy friends adieu,  
And say thy Prayers unto thy Pagan gods;  
For I do mean to use thee like a Jew,  
Because with Christians thou dost stand at odds;  
Look that thy head be set on sure and fast,  
Or mortal man, I'le prove thee but a blast.

Then did they lend each other lusty knocks,  
That sparks of fire did from their Helmets flye:  
The Martial multitude about them flock,  
Expecting all the end and death of *Guy*;  
For *Colbrand* whom he fought withal, was strong,  
And had been Champion to the Pagans long.

At length *Guy* lent him such a speeding blow,  
That down comes *Colbrand*, & his strength to ground;  
Pagan (quoth he) is my sword sharp or no,  
With which even now such a blunt fault you found?  
Rise quick, for if thy legs thou canst not feel,  
Off goes thy head as sure as this is steel:

Forth

## *The Famous History*

Forthwith he made him shorter by the head,  
And that unto the Emperour he sent :  
The Infidels grew all astonished,  
For they in *Colbrond* were so confident,  
They durst have ventured goods, and life, and limb,  
On any Combat that was fought by him.

Then *Herand* (to give *Guy* some breathing-space)  
Challeng'd a Pagan, call'd *Elmadant* ;  
And dar'd him, and des'd him to his face ;  
(For valiant *Herand* did no courage want )  
The Pagan somewhat hot with fury fill'd,  
Did combat, being quickly cool'd and kill'd.

Presently *Guy* unto another comes,  
Call'd *Morgadour*, and foundly with his blade  
Lays on him, and his fences so benums,  
He tumbles head-long like a tired Jade.  
The Pagans seeing their Champions thus go down,  
Forsook the Field, retiring to the Town.

Where a most bloody Tyrant bare the sway.  
Who hearing what had hapned, full of ire,  
Went armed to the Tent whereas *Guy* lay,  
And did a Combate at his hand require.  
Villain (quoth he) whom like a Dog I scorn,  
I'll make thee curse the time that thou wast born.

Know

## Of Guy Earl of Warwick.

Know Runnagate, I come to fetch thy head,  
For to a Lady I have promis'd it;  
My Curs shall with thy English flesh be fed,  
They must devour thy body every bit:  
Come, I have vow'd by *Mahomet* thou dy'st,  
Thou can'st not scape by trusting in thy Christ.

And hast thou given away my head (quoth he)  
Unto a Lady? 'tis a brave intent;  
An honest man will his Words-Master be,  
And never promise more then he hath meant,  
Come on thy ways and take it quickly off,  
Or else the Lady will suppose you scoff.

With proud disdain together then they rush,  
Laying it on as fast as they could drive;  
But *Eskeldart* *Guy's* sword did so becrush,  
That for his head no longer durst he strive:  
But on the sudden for to save his own,  
Put spurs to horse, and in all post is gone.

*Guy* then returns to *Herand*, and declares  
What a bold fellow came to fetch his head:  
Who smiling at it, merrily prepares  
To tell of his adventures, how he sped  
With a false Coward called *Adellart*,  
That wounded him with an envenom'd Dart.

And

*The Famous History*

And being hurt most dangerously so,  
Was intercepted ere he could retire  
By *Estellard*, a proud insulting foe,  
Compos'd of cruelty; of devillish ire.  
But (quoth Sir *Herand*) ere our fray was done,  
I made them wish it never had begun:

For *Addellart* I wounded in the side,  
And *Estellard* I cur-tail'd by the knees:  
Then left them lying, Death to be their guide  
Unto the Jayl where worms do claim their fees.  
So when these two were seen to fall down dead,  
All t'other Pagans with amazement fled.

Why then (quoth *Guy*) all's quiet I perceive.  
The Miscreants like unto Foxes hye;  
But gentle *Herand*, ere we take our leave,  
One *Combat* more I am resolv'd to try:  
The General of this accursed rout,  
Shall be the man I mean to single out.

They term him mighty *Soldan*: Friend I long  
To make a proof, if he deserve the name;  
I am in doubt they do him mighty wrong,  
If might be wanting to avouch the same.  
Titles of worth become base cowards ill,  
I'll try what's in him, hap what ever will.

EnA.

Nay

## Of Guy Earl of Warwick.

Nay *Heraud*, leave me, pritheee do forbear,  
I will be speedy, tarry in this Wood :  
Go to yon grassie bank, repose thee there,  
And with this Balsom stay those drops of blood.  
Ere *Phæbus* in the Occident decline,  
Death shall conclude the *Souldans* life or mine.

Said *Heraud*, Since thou wilt not let not me go,  
But dost appoint this bed of Earth to bear me ;  
Till thou return, I will converse with wo,  
And will not suffer any Bird sing near me.  
With longing eyes, and careful list'ning ears,  
I'll spend thy absent time in prayers and tears.

*Guy* posts with speed, and doth the *Souldan* find,  
And thus he speaks, Art thou the Man of Might,  
Surnamed so by tongues, and peoples wind ?  
Here is a Christian comes to dare thee fight :  
Both *Mahomet* and thee I do defie,  
And here's a Sword I will maintain it by.

The *Souldan* with a staring look replies,  
Thou Christian Slave, I'll chastise thee with steel,  
Thou art an odious creature in mine eyes,  
And thy presumption shall my fury feel.  
With that at *Guy* he ran with all his force,  
Their *Launces* brake, and each forlook his Horse.  
Then

*The Famous History* 70

Then by the Sword the Victor must prevail,  
Which manly force makes deadly wounds withall:  
Cutting through armour, mangling shirts of Mail,  
That at the last down did the *Souldan* fall,  
Sending blasphemous curses to the skye,  
And casting handfuls of his blood at *Guy*.

Who presently took horse, and then retir'd  
To *Herand*, whom he found in slumber laid;  
Rise friend (quoth he) the time is now expir'd,  
An end with mighty *Souldan* I have made.  
With that he rose with joy, and loves embrace,  
And forth they travel to another place.

*Guy* takes a Princely Lyons part,  
and doth a Dragon kill,  
Then frees fair *Osle* from millhaps  
that else had fared ill.

CANTO 7.

PASSING the Defart now, where shady trees  
Embrac'd each other in their green-leay'd arms  
Where Lady *Eccho*'s dwelling best agrees,  
And little birds sing fearless of their harms:  
They chanc'd to find a silver-streaming spring,  
Which water to them was a pleasant thing.

*His*




Of Guy Earl of Warwick.



His Lady sends him forth again,  
Whose will he doth obey,  
And manfully a Dragon kills,  
To part a cruel fray.

H 2

There



## *The Famous History*

There with the crystal streams they cool their heat,  
And slake their thirst they had endured long ;  
There did they make the herbs & roots their meat,  
To satisfie for Natures hungry wrong :  
But on a sudden at a noise they wonder ,  
A Lyon roar'd as if great *Jove* did thunder.

*Herand* (quoth *Guy*) to horse let's be prepar'd,  
And leave our dinner till another day ;  
Here is a sound, I never was so scar'd,  
I'll seek it out, it comes from yonder way :  
Some Monster, or some Devil makes a noise,  
For on my life, it is no humane voice.

So forth he rides, and underneath a hill,  
He finds a Dragon with a Lyon met :  
Brave sport (said he) I pray fight on your fill,  
And then upon the strongest I will set :  
Which of the twain that first aside doth start,  
I am a friend that will maintain his part.

The Dragon winds his crooked knotted tail  
About the Lyons legs, to cast him so ;  
The Lyon fastens on his rugged scale,  
And nimbly doth avoid that overthrow :  
Then tooth and nail, they cruelly tear and bite,  
Maintaining long a fierce and blood fight.

At



## Of Guy Earl of Warwick.

At last the Lyon faintly turns aside,  
And looks about, as if he would be gone;  
Nay then (quoth *Guy*) Dragon have at your hide,  
Defend thy Devils face, I'll lay it on.  
With that courageously to work he goes,  
And deals the Dragon very manly blows.

The ugly beast, with slaggy wings displaid,  
Comes at him mainly, with most dreadful paws,  
Whose very looks might make a man afraid,  
So terrible seem'd his devouring jaws:  
Wide gaping, grisly, like the mouth of Hell,  
More horrible then pen or tongue can tell.

His blazing eyes did burn like living fire,  
And forth his smoaking gorge came sulphur smoke;  
Aloft his speckled breast he lifted higher  
Then *Guy* could reach at length of weapons stroke:  
Thus in most ireful mood himself he bore,  
And gave a cry as Seas are wont to rore.

With that his mortal sting he stretched out,  
Exceeding far the sharpest point of steel;  
Then turns and winds his scaly tail about  
The Horses legs, more nimble than an Ele:  
With that *Guy* hews upon him with his blade,  
And three mens strength to every stroke he laid.  
One

*Join The Famous History* 10


One fatal blow he gave him in the side,  
From thence did issue streams of swarthy blood;  
The Sword had made a passage broad and wide,  
That deep into the Monsters gore *Guy* stood:  
Then with a second blow he overtook him,  
Which made the Dragon turn to have forsook him.

Nay then, quoth he, thou hast not long to live,  
I see thou faintest at the point to fall;  
Then such a stroak of death he did him give,  
That down comes Dragon, crying out withall  
So horrible, the sound did more affright  
The Conqueror, then all the dreadful sight.

Away he rides, and lets that Hell-hound lye;  
But looking back, espies behind his Horse  
The Lyon coming after very nigh,  
Which makes him light to follow manly force:  
But when the Beast beheld his weapon drawn,  
He came to him, and like a dog did fawn.

Like to that grateful Lyon which did free  
*Androdes* life, for pulling out a thorn,  
When by offence he should by Laws decree,  
Within a Theater by beasts be torn.  
The Lyon came, and lick'd him very kind,  
Bearing (as seem'd) an old good turn in mind.

Even



## Of Guy Earl of Warwick.

Even so this gentle creature deals with him,  
For that same benefit which he had done;  
Although by Nature cruel, fierce and grim,  
Yet like a Spaniel by his horse did run;  
Continuing many days with great desire,  
Till extream hunger forc'd him to retire.

Now towards the Sea *Guy* doth his journey take,  
Imbarques for *France*; but by contrary wind  
Arrives in *Almain*, where the Nobles make  
Great triumph for him, and with joyful mind;  
The Emperor rejoices that he's come,  
And bids him welcome into Christendom.

There is he entertain'd with Turnament,  
With Kingly Banquets, Princely Revelling:  
And multitudes to give their eyes content,  
Attend him with their throng, still wondering  
At all his worthy acts report had spread,  
Wherewith their ears most strangely had been fed.

From thence he travels towards his loving friend  
The Duke of *Louain*, whom he long'd to see:  
But ere he came unto his journeys end,  
A wronged Lady he did worthily free:  
Which violently was from her love bereft,  
And he at point of death sore wounded left.

doth W

Thus



*The Famous History*

Thus it befel *Terry* a valiant Earl,  
VVith his dear Love, firnam'd *Offie* the fair,  
(His precious Jem, inestimable Pearl)  
Into a Forest went to take the air;  
VVhereas a plot was laïd to take his life,  
And make his beauteous Love anothers wife.

Upon the sudden sixteen Villains came  
Unto the Earl, and did him grievous wound.  
Sirrah (quoth one) thou hast a wench we claim,  
She must with us, lye thou there on the ground;  
And the next passenger that thou dost see,  
Intreat him make a grave to bury thee.

*Guy* finding *Terry* thus, hearing his plaint,  
Doth comfort him in kindest sort he can:  
VWho with the loss of blood doth weakly faint,  
VVith force of deadly colour, pale and wan:  
Courage (quoth he) I'll fetch thy Love again,  
Or say that *Guy* is but a Coward Swain.

VWhen *Terrey* heard that name, he did revive,  
For unto him *Guy*'s worthy deeds were known:  
And lifting up himself from ground, did strive  
For to embrace him in deep passions groan. (heart  
Thanks gracious Heavens (quoth he) with soul and  
For sending thee to take my wronged part.

Which

## Of Guy Earl of Warwick.

Which is the way (quoth he) those villains went?  
That path, said woful *Terry*, by yon Oak;  
Have after them; this deed they shall repent;  
As I am a Christian Knight; and as he spake;  
He heard a shriek, which was the Ladies cry,  
So by that sound he did them soon discry.

Coming unto them, Wretched Slaves (quoth he)  
What do you purpose with this Lady here?  
Inlarge her presently, and set her free,  
You have done wrongs, that will be rated dear;  
Her Husband wounded, she us'd violent;  
Will cost your lives a price incontinent.

With that they laugh'd, and said, What fool's this  
Or rather mad-man in his desperate mind?  
That means by wilful death to get a name;  
And have the world report he hath been kind?  
The fellow sure is in some frantick fit,  
And means to fight, without both fear and wit.

Like so (quoth he) the fit that's on me now,  
You shall all find to be a raging one;  
With that he shews them *Mars* his angry brow,  
And bids the Lady cease her pensive mone:  
Saying, Good Madam, unto joy encline;  
For suddenly the Rascals will be mine.

I

Then



## *The Famous History*

Then with a courage admirable bold,  
At every blow some or other dyes:  
Which when the gentle Lady did behold,  
Oh pitty! worthy Knight, she cries;  
These mortal wounds I can no longer see;  
Be not so bloody in revenging me.

Upon my knees I do intreat thee stay,  
This is to me a terrifying sight:  
Oh! with their lives thou takest mine away;  
If one dye more, I fainting yield my spirit.  
Thou worthily mine honour hast defended,  
Let the revenging of my wrongs be ended.

Lady (quoth he) I cease at your request,  
Depart base Rascals, all but two be gone:  
But Villains, you did bind her for the rest,  
And struck them with his sword (the scabbard on)  
That down to ground they fell, making this excuse.  
My Lord, we only kept her for thy use.

Then on his Steed he lets the Lady ride,  
To seek her Lord, whom she had left distressed:  
And Guy unto that place became her guide;  
Where coming, they did find him careful drest:  
For in their absence came a Hermit by,  
Which to his bleeding wounds, did salve apply.

*Terry*

## Of Guy Earl of Warwick.

*Terry* and *Osile*, in their joys abound,  
And gratefully to *Guy* all things do give:  
Be thou (said they) in life and death renown'd,  
Whom we will honour, while we breathing live;  
Hold, here's my hand (quoth *Terry*) worthy *Guy*,  
In fight for thee, I will be proud to dye.

*Guy* takes Earl *Terris* Fathers part,  
And kills the Duke his foe.  
With sword destroys a cruel Boar,  
Prevailing danger so.

### CANTO VIII.

NOW *Titans* Horses with his fiery Carre,  
Had brought the day to darkness in the West,  
And *Vesper*, the silver-shining Star,  
Which doth adorn the skies at evening best,  
Appear'd as bright as *Cynthia* in her Sphere,  
To welcome sable-nights approaching near.

When *Terry*, *Guy* and *Osile* wanting guide,  
Did stay about the unfrequented Wood,  
Hearing the savage noise on every side,  
Of Beasts that thirsted after humane blood,  
As Boars and Bears, and Lyons, and the like,  
Which to their hearts did some amazement strike.

*The Famous History*

On every side they cast a heedful eye,  
Still doubting on a sudden, some surprise;  
At length two armed men they did espye,  
That also listen to those fearful cries:  
Each had his sword in hand, being ready drawn,  
Knowing that place did yield no dogs would fawn.

Coming more near, Sir *Heraud* was the one,  
The other even as dearly *Terry's* friend; (known,  
Who with embracements made their gladness  
And then the Earl demanded to what end  
His loving Cousin pass'd the desert so?  
My Lord (quoth he) to bring thee news of wo.

Thy noble Father is besieged now,  
In his strong Castle, by Duke *Ottens* power;  
Who hath protested by a solemn vow,  
About his ears he will pull down the Tower,  
In a revenge that thou his Love hast got;  
He swears thy Fathers life escapeth not.

His Love (quoth *Terry*) prethee *ofile* speak,  
Acquaint this worthy man with thy souls thoughts;  
Have I procur'd thee any faith to break?  
Or been the instigator unto ought  
That is unjust in righteous Heavens sight?  
Never, (quoth *ofile*) thou hast been upright  
That

## Of Guy Earl of Warwick.

That wretch would force my love away,  
In claiming that I ne're intend to give;  
I will be thine until my dying day,  
Thou shalt enjoy me all the hours I live,  
*And when I alter this determination,*  
*Let God and man hold me in detestation.*

Well spoke (said *Guy*) Lady be constant ever,  
And honours blemish then thou needst not doubt:  
Keep Loves foundation firm, alter it never,  
It is for love I range the World about:  
And do expose my life to mortal danger,  
In this exiled state, an unknown stranger.

But *Terry*, wherefore are thy looks so sad,  
Thou hast thy Love in person to embrace?  
As far as *England* mine is to be had,  
And many years I have not seen her face?  
It were enough to bring my hopes to end,  
But that my patience is a trusty friend.

My Lord (saith *Terry*) know you not my grief,  
And heard this messenger relate the cause?  
Oh my distressed Father wants relief!  
I were a Rebel unto Natures Laws,  
Not to condole with him in his extream,  
Making his troubles my true sorrows Theam.

## The Famous History

If that be all (quoth he) thou art too blame,  
There is no cause to spend a sigh thereon :  
I'll terrifie Duke *Otten* with my name,  
Let him but hear I come, and he'll be gone.  
Something between us may not be forgot,  
He felt my sword in *France*, but lik'd it not.

Since that, against my life a plot he laid,  
By Villains that surpriz'd me in a Wood,  
But treachery with vengeance was repaid;  
Who ever knew a Traitors end prove good ?  
Accursed haps attend them ever more :  
In Brazen Bull *Perillus* did first roar.

I will go with thee to defend thy Father,  
( For the oppressed I have vow'd to right )  
And reason moveth it, so much the rather,  
Mine own abuses therewith to requite :  
This opportunity wee'l not omit,  
In that occasion, falleth out so fit,

Lets hasten on with speed unto the place,  
Preventing mischief e're too farr it run,  
Take hold on Time before he turns his face,  
Good proveth best, when it is soonest done;  
Go like *Aeneas* with a filial joy,  
To fetch thine old *Anchisee* out of *Troy*.

Coura-

## Of Guy Earl of Warwick.


Couragious Knight (puoth *Terry*) thy bold heart  
Cannot be daunted, I perceiue, with fear;  
Compos'd of *Mars* his Element thou art,  
Of powerful limbs, to manage sword and spear :  
My melancholly thou hast banish'd hence,  
And with strong hope arm'd me in recompence.

Now all in post they speed themselves away,  
And in short time unto the Castle come,  
Whereas Duke *Otten* and his forces lay,  
Relying on his Soldiers ample summe :  
But when the Captains of *Guy's* coming knew,  
They fled by night, and never bad adieu.

This was discouragement to all the rest,  
To see their Leaders thus give ground and flie.  
Yet did the Duke most resolute protest,  
If each man in the Castle were a *Guy*,  
He would not leave it basely and retire;  
Though life be dear, yet honours place is higher.

*Terry* (said *Guy*) we must not tedious be;  
Experience often hath my Tutor been,  
And taught, that when advantage I do see,  
To fasten on occasion and begin :  
The enemy by fear himself subdues,  
Add force to that, and victory ensues.

We



## *The Famous History*

We will not make our prison of this place,  
As long as there is field-room to be got;  
'Tis my desire to meet the Dukes good Grace,  
And combat him, because he loves me not:  
If that you will not leave this house of stone,  
I'll leave you all, and go my self alone.

And with these words *Herand* and he depart,  
Which when the Castle-soldiers did perceive,  
They gave a shout, Our General thou art,  
Thy honourable steps we will not leave;  
We are resolved to attend thee still,  
Let Fortune use us, ev'n as fortune will.

And thus most valliant they do march along,  
Giving the onset, fearless to their foe,  
Making those multitudes that seem so strong,  
Retire themselves with slaughtered overthrow:  
But when the Duke perceiv'd his Soldiers flie,  
Perish (quoth he) base villains, here I'll die.

Where is this *English* man that haunts my Ghost,  
And thus pursueth me from place to place?  
I challenge him to come and leave the Host,  
And meet with resolution, face to face;  
Let equal envy make his equal match,  
All controversies we will soon dispatch.

Agreed





## Of Guy Earl of Warwick.

Agreed (quoth *Guy*) proud Foe, I yield consent,  
Repent thy wrongs, and make thy conscience clear;  
For thou hast liv'd to see thy honour spent,  
Which worthy men of all things hold most dear :  
The noble-minded censure him with shame,  
That lives to see the death of his good name.

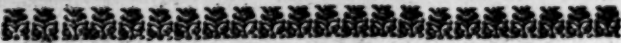
Then toward each other they did mainly make,  
And break their Launces very violent;  
Which being done, their swords in hand they take,  
Fighting until great store of blood was spent.  
For envie did the Dukes keen weapon whet,  
And on *Guy's* sword, revenge an edge did set ;

At length through loss of blood the Duke fel down,  
And said, Now fond felicity farewell,  
I am betray'd by fortunes angry frown,  
And this experience to the world doth tell,  
There's nothing constant that the earth contains,  
Death deals with Monarchs, as with simple swains;

Bewitching vanities, seducing blind us,  
Greatness hath great accounts thereon depending :  
As death doth leave us, so shall Judgment find us,  
There is no peace unto a happy ending :  
My dying hour yields more repenting grace,  
Than in my life I ever could embrace.

K

Th'



## The Famous History

Th' immortal soul doth with these words depart,  
And leaves the breathless body did contain it :  
While woful passions to afflict *Guy's* heart,  
Now wishing to himself, he had not slain it :

*For true humility compassion shows,  
To see afflictions over burthen-woes :*


*Guy* sheath'd his sword, and said, Remain thou there,  
Until I do arrive on *Englands* shore :  
No further quarrel to the world I bear,  
For love of *Phalice* I will bleed no more;  
From her I have been too long away,  
And will return to challenge Soldiers pay.

So thence he rode to find Sir *Herand* out,  
Making his journey through a desert place,  
Which was obscure, environ'd round about  
With shady trees, that hid bright *Phæbus* face :  
Where suddenly he met the hugest Bore,  
That ever mortal eye beheld before.

The Beast came at him most exceeding fell,  
Which he preventing, stands upon his guard,  
And doth avoid those dreadful Tusks right well,  
Laying upon his Swinish head so hard,  
That dead he left him who had many slain,  
For forth that Wood no man came back again.

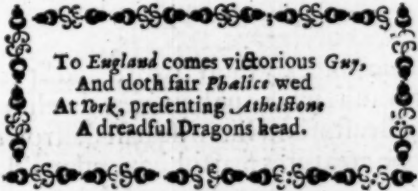
When





## Of Guy Earl of Warwick.

When this was done, *Herand* he overtakes,  
And tells him what a Christmas Brawn he slew,  
Then with his purpose him acquainted makes,  
Which was to bid all foreign parts adieu,  
And see the heavenly object of his heart;  
*Herand* consents, and they forthwith depart.



To *England* comes victorious *Guy*,  
And doth fair *Phalice* wed  
At *Turk*, presenting *Athelstone*  
A dreadful Dragons head.

### CANTO IX.

**A** Sifted now by nimble winged Time,  
*Guy* shaps his course for *England*, & doth leave,  
The bold adventures of each foraign Cline,  
Loves just reward from *Phalice* to receive :  
As *Hercules* twelve labours being past,  
Found time for *Dianirt's* love at last.

*Herand* and *Guy* no sooner do arrive,  
But news thereof unto the King was brought,  
Who heard of all before they did atchieve,  
Which made him much desirous in his thought  
To see such Subjects matchless men alone;  
In honouring *England*, and King *Athelstone*.

## *The Famous History*

To *York* they go, for there the King was then,  
To whom they did most humble duty shew ;  
Welcome (quoth he) renowned Martial men ;  
My Princely love upon you I bestow ;  
Your fortunate success contentment breeds,  
Fame came before, & brought us home your deeds.

*Guy*, thou hast laid a heavy hand we hear,  
Upon the necks of Pagans, Infidels,  
And sent them home by fatal Sword and Spear,  
To horrors vault, where unbelievers dwells ;  
Devouring Beasts thou likewise hast destroy'd,  
That humane creatures fearful have annoy'd.

Yet worthy man, I think thou ne're didst slay,  
Of all those monsters terrible and wild,  
A creature more cruel, than at this day  
Destroys what e're he meets, man, woman, child,  
Cattel and all, which no man may withstand,  
A dreadful Dragon in *Northumberland*.

I speak not this to animate thee on,  
And hazard life at setting foot on shore ;  
For divers to destroy this Beast, have gone,  
But to their friends never returned more :  
No, I express how happy thou hast been,  
To free like fears that other men were in.

Dread

## Of Guy Earl of Warwick.

Dread Lord (quoth *Guy*) as I am English Knight,  
And faithful unto God, true to my King,  
I will go see if that same Beast dare bite,  
For to your Grace his head I mean to bring :  
I found his fellow with a Lyon fighting,  
And made him leave both scratching and his biting.

And as I dealt with him, I'll deal with this,  
Onely I do beseech your Royal Grace,  
Command me some direction where he is,  
And to your Court I'll bring his ugly face,  
Or your mild favour let me never see,  
Dragon, or Devil, whatsoe're he be.

So taking humble leave, away he rides  
Unto *Northumberland*, to find the beast;  
Having a dozen Knights which were his guides,  
And brought him where the Dragon held his feast,  
Like *Canibal* that feeds on flesh of men :  
Behold (quoth they to *Guy*) yon Cave's his Den.

It is enough, said he, do you remain,  
And leave me to go find out *Hidra's* head,  
That never shall devour a man again,  
Who with so many bodies hath been fed :  
Here Gentlemen, if you will please to say,  
Sit on your Horses and behold our fray.

## The Famous History

Coming unto the Cave, the Dragon spies him,  
And forth he stalks with lofty speckled brest,  
Of dreadful form: as soon as e're *Guy* eyes him,  
His Launce he speedy set into his wrest,  
Then spurs to Horse, and at the Dragon makes;  
That bearing ground, at the encounter shakes.

Then very lightly *Guy* returns his Horse,  
And comes upon him with redoubled might:  
The Dragon meets him with resisting force,  
And like a Reed, his Launce in two did bite:  
Nay then (quoth *Guy*) if to such bites you fall,  
I have a tool to pick your teeth withall.

Then drew his Sword (a keen and massie blade)  
And fiercely struck with furious blows so fell,  
That many wide and bloody wounds he made,  
Which caus'd the Dragon yawn, like mouth of hell,  
Roaring with a most fearful hideous sound,  
And with his claws, all rent and tore the ground.

Impatient of the smart he did sustain,  
He thought with wings to raise himself aloft,  
But with a stroak, *Guy* brought him down again,  
And ply'd him with the edge of steel so oft,  
That down he fell in dirty blood bewray'd,  
And forth his wide devouring Oven bray'd.

A flake

## Of Guy Earl of Warwick.

A flake of fire seemed to issue thence,  
While *Guy* was hewing off his ugly head.  
Now fiend (quoth he) thou hast thy recompence,  
For all the humane blood thy jaws have shed;  
Upon a dart of this same broken spear,  
Thy filthy face unto the King I'll bear.

The Knights (with joy exceeding) take a view  
Of that same fearful creature, strange of shape:  
Admiring at his ugly form of hiew,  
With wonderment, that mortal could scape  
Those teeth and claws, so dreadful, sharp, and long,  
Compos'd by nature in a Beast so strong.

When they had fix'd the head upon a spear,  
And measur'd out the bodies length direct:  
Unto the King at *Lincoln*, they it bear,  
Who *Guy's* return with longing did expect.  
God shield (quoth he) and save me from all evil,  
Here is a face may well out-face the Devil.

What staring eyes of burning-glass be those,  
That might (alive) two flaming Beacons seem?  
What scales of Harness arm that crooked nose,  
And teeth? none such had *Cerberus* I deem;  
What yawning mouth, and forked tongue is there,  
That being dead, may make the living fear.

Victo-

Victo-



## The Famous History

Victorious Knight, thy actions we admire,  
And place thee highly in our Kingly love,  
Throughout the spacious Orb by Fame aspire,  
Most lofty then the Supream Sphere doth move:  
To the succeeding ages of this Land,  
I will remember thy victorious Hand.

Which shall be thus, the Monsters picture wrought  
On cloth of Arras artificial well;  
And unto *Warwick* we will have it brought,  
There to remain, and after ages tell,  
That worthy *Guy*, a man of matchless strength,  
Destroy'd a Dragon thirty foot in length.

And place his head here on the Castle wall,  
For memory, till years do ruin it:  
And Nobles, make triumphant Festival,  
Afford our Knight all honour doth Befit:  
*Trojs Hector's* dead, and can no more achieve,  
But *Englands Hector* still remains alive.

- By this report (the onely Linguist living)  
Hath been with *Phelice*, for to make her glad,  
Such Fame and Glory to her Lover giving,  
As never greater any Worthy had;  
Tells all the deeds of wonder he hath done,  
From the first action that his hand begun.

*Phelice*

## Of Guy Earle of Warwick.

*Phelice* impatient of his wished sight,  
Speeds towards *Lincoln*, like light *Salmacis*:  
Where joyfully she entertains her Knight  
With *Juno's* kind embrace, and *Venus* kiss;  
Guy with requital makes his gladness know  
And in his arms he now enjoys his own.

Forgetful Love, and too too slow (quoth she)  
I fear'd thou didst not mind thy dearest friend:  
What, seek a Dragon, ere thou look for me,  
And hazard life, before thou come or send  
To know if I remain in happy state  
Some jealous woman would suppose: were hate.

But sure I do not, though I speak my heart,  
And wish I had been first thou saw'st on shore:  
Guy! welcome; to thy *Phelice* now thou art;  
Thou never shalt go forth a fighting more;  
No, thou hast fought too much, thy looks bewray,  
Stern countenance hath stoln thy smiles away.

But love will learn thee (Love) to change thy face,  
And frame it as at first when I did chuse it;  
Thou hast almost forgotten to embrace;  
I like that well, it seems thou didst not use it  
In Foreign parts abroad, where thou hast bin;  
But that lost lesson thou must now begin.

L

I will

*The Famous History* 10

I will (quoth he) dear Love, and ply my Book,  
And kiss my Lesson on thy Coral lip.  
Tell me but quickly when I am mistook;  
In reading rashly, if I over-skip,  
Or be too negligent in taking pain,  
Why turn me back to soon my gear again.

But Lady, I make exception I will make,  
What line I ever could bring me to,  
The Horn-book of all other I forsake:  
For willingly I would not have to do  
With that Cross-row, cross upon many, when  
Women do teach unto married men.

Kind Sir (quoth she) content, I'll never chuse it,  
It fits two sorts, a Cartezan, a Child:  
Once as the Letter simply I did use it  
But for the other, rather be beguill'd  
Then to do it as the second Horn-book's naught,  
Teach it not me, and I shall ne'r be taught;

Gay smile'd, and said, Come, let us Warwick see,  
Of all the world the place that I love best.  
Because it had the bringing up of thee!  
And there first with thy Beauty I was blest.  
I love the Castle, and the Castle ground,  
Where first thy *Warwick* face alone I found.

How I

I

Let

## Of Guy Earle of Warwick.

Let's hasten on to hear this sacred voice:  
 I Guy take Phelice to my wedded Wife:  
 And thou repeat, *I likewise am thy choice;*  
*Till death depart us, ev'n so long as life;*  
 And then the next will be, *God give us joy,*  
*And send thy Fathers Hair a Gallant Boy.*

Soon after  
 The Marriage is solemniz'd,  
 but after four days,  
 Guy Pennance vows, and Pilgrim-like  
 from England goes his way:  
 Who is crept Earl of Warwick then  
 In Honour

### CANTO VII. X

**T**He happy day (that Lovers long expect) in  
 is now obtain'd, to give desire rest  
 And all the Honours *Hymen* can afford  
 He frank bestows, to grace the Wedding-feast.  
 For *Athestone* and his renowned Queen,  
 At this great Nuptial in their pomp were seen.

The Nobles rich and costly in attire  
 With wottry Knights and Gentlemen beside  
 Ladies of Honour (as their ill deserves)  
 Attend upon the beauteous fair-faced Bride:  
 There wanted nothing of what could be found  
 To please the eye, or touch the mind.

## The Famous History

Masques, mid-night Revels, Tilt and Turnament,  
Acting of ancient Stories, stately Shows,  
Banquets might give great *Jupiter* content;  
Where Cups of *Nectar* plenty overflow,  
Abundant all things with a plenty hand,  
As if a King himself should feast the Land.

Soon after all these things were consummate,  
Earl *Roband* (*Phelice* worthy Father) dyes;  
And to his Son bequeaths the whole Estate  
Of Earldom, Lordship; all his Land is *Guy's*,  
Who is created Earl of *Warwick* then,  
In Honour's rank, with *England's* Noblemen.

But in the Glory of his high applaud,  
Enjoying all that did partake delights,  
When every tongue his Fame and Fortunes laud,  
Himself converts his Sun-shine days to night;  
Bethinking what the world may judge bethought,  
And deeming all but yain that he had sought.

Oft would he sit and meditate alone;  
In looking back what steps his youth had trod;  
Then to himself with sighs and grievous grone,  
Cry, Pardon me, thou just incensed God;  
I have done nothing for to purchase Grace;  
But spend my time about a wofull face.

For

*Of Guy Earl of Warwick.*

For Beauty, bloody through the world I ran;  
In pride of heart preferring *Phelice* Feature:  
For Beauty I have ended many a man,  
Hating all other for one mortal creature:  
For Beauty I have pawn'd my utmost power;  
But for my sins not spent one weeping hour.

*My Nunquam sera* I will now begin,  
And vow to spend the remnant of my dayes  
In contrite pennance for my former sin,  
That God may pardon all the erring wayes  
Which flesh and body were deceived by;  
Unto the world I will go learn to dye,

Let me be censur'd even as mortals please,  
I'll please my God in all things may be done:  
Ambitious pride hath been my youths disease;  
I'll teach Age meekness ere my glass be run:  
And change my voice, wealth, beauty, world farwel,  
To purchase Heaven I will go pass through Hell!

*Phelice* perceives his melancholy state,  
And coming to him, doth most mildly woo;  
My Lord (quoth she) why are you chang'd of late?  
As I share joy, let me bear sorrow too:  
If I in ought have mov'd you to offence,  
I will with tears perform due recompence.

*The Famous History* 70

No, my deat Love, (quoth *Guy*) no cause in thee,  
'Tis with my self I discontented strive: to oblige  
By light of Grace my Natures faults I see, as to  
That am as dead, although I seem alive: His guilt  
*Phelice*, my sins, my countles sins appear, as to  
Crying, *Repent thy guilty Conscience clear.* as to

I must deal with thee as *Brutus* dealt  
(A Prince of *Rome*) with *Sygunda* his wife, as to  
Who (from a deep impression he felt) as to  
Vow'd Chastity perpetual all his life as to  
Entreating thee (even as thou lov'st my soul) as to  
To pardon me, not urging by controul as to

Hast thou not heard what *Ethelfrida* did, as to  
A Christian woman, sometimes *England's* Queen, as to  
Is *Edelbrand's* act of chaste life hid, as to  
A Princess, likewise, and watchless doth seem, as to  
The first with child, no more of lust would taste, as to  
The second caus'd two husbands both live chaste, as to

And canst not thou (the Phoenix of a Realm) as to  
By imitation win immortal praise, as to  
Leaving thy Vertues and admired Theam, as to  
To the succeeding Age of Iron dayes, as to  
I know thou canst, thy greater part's Divine, as to  
Where most is carnal, 'twill to flesh incline, as to

Thou



## Of Guy Earl of Warwick.

Thou didst procure (although I do excuse it)  
My pride, by Conquests to attain thy love:  
God gave me valour, I did vain abuse it;  
My heart and thoughts aspired far above  
The Crowns and Scepters of most potent Kings,  
I held their Diadems inferior things.

But now I gather in a total sum,  
Such follies, and condemn them all to die:  
A man of other fashion I'll become;  
Some better travels for my soul to try,  
Not as before, in armour on my Steed;  
But in a Gown of gray, a Palmers weed.

Obscure my journey, for I'll take no leave,  
But only leave my endless love to thee:  
Here is my Ring, this memory receive,  
And swear the same, to make thee think on me.  
Let me have thine, which for thy sake I'll keep,  
Till death close up these eyes with his dead sleep.

When this was spoke, how she did wring her hands,  
With sighs and tears, may be well deemed much;  
Yet wondrous meekly, nothing countermands;  
For the devotion of that age was such,  
To hold them blessed, could themselves retire  
To solitude, and leave the worlds desire.

A

Now

## The Famous History

Now is his Princely Clothing laid away,  
Wherein he glitter'd like the glorious Sun,  
And his best habit, homely Countrey-gray,  
Such as the poor plain people term home-spun.  
A Staff, a Scrip, a Scollop-shell in's hat,  
Not to be known, nor once admired at.

And thus with penfive heart, and doleful tears,  
He leave the fairest Creature *England* had;  
Who in her Face a Map of sorrow wears,  
A countenance compos'd all mournful, sad,  
Like unto one had banish'd all delight,  
Wishing for slumbers of eternal night.

*Guy* jorneys towards the sanctified Ground,  
Whereas sometimes the *Jews* fair City stood,  
In which our Saviours Sacred Head was crown'd,  
And where for sinful men he shed his blood;  
To see the Sepulchre was his intent,  
The Tomb that *Joseph* unto *Jesus* lent.

With tedious miles he tir'd his weary feet,  
And pass'd Desert places full of danger.  
At last with a most woful Wight did meet  
A man that unto sorrow was no stranger:  
For he had fifteen Sons made captive all  
To slavish bondage in extreamest Thrall.

## Of Guy Earl of Warwick.

A Giant called *Amarant* detain'd them,  
Whom no man durst encounter for his strength:  
Who in a Castle, which he held, had chain'd them.  
*Guy* question'd where; and understands at length  
The place not far; lend me thy sword (quoth he)  
I'll lend my man-hood all thy Sons to free.

With that he goes, and lays upon the door,  
Like him that says, I must and will come in:  
The Giant never was so rouz'd before,  
For no such knocking at his gate had been;  
So takes his Club and Keys, and cometh out,  
Staring with ireful countenance about.

Sirrah (quoth he) what business hast thou here?  
Art come to feast the Crows about these walls?  
Did'st never hear, no ransom can him clear,  
That in the compass of my fury falls?  
For making me to take a Porters pains,  
With this same Club, I will dash out thy brains.

Sirrah (quoth *Guy*) y'are quarrellom, I see,  
Choler and you seem very near of kin;  
Dangerous at the Club belike you be,  
I have been better arm'd, though now go thin.  
But shew thy utmost hate, enlarge thy sprite,  
Here is the weapon that must do me right.

*The Famous History*



*A Giant called Amarant,  
Guy valiantly destroyer;  
Whereby wrang'd Ladies, captiv'd Knights,  
Their liberty enjoys.*

*So*

**Of Guy Earle of Warwick.**

So draws his Sword, salutes him with the same,  
About the head, the shoulders, and the side,  
While his erected Club did death proclaim,  
Standing with huge *Colossus* spacious stride:  
Putting forth vigour to his knotty beam,  
That like a furnace he did smoak extream.

But on the ground he spent his strokes in vain,  
For *Guy* was nimble to avoid them still:  
And ever e're he heav'd his Club again,  
Did brush his plated Coat against his will:  
At such advantage he would never fail  
To bang him soundly in his shirt of Male.

At length through thirst *Amarant* feeble grew,  
And said to *Guy*, as th' art of humane race,  
Shew it in this, Give natures wants their due,  
Let me but go and drink in yonder place:  
Thou canst not yield unto a smaller thing,  
Than to grant life that's given by the Spring.

I grant thee leave (quoth *Guy*) go drink thy last,  
To pledge the Dragon, and the savage Boar:  
Succeed the Tragedies which they have past,  
But never think to drink cold water more,  
Drink deep to death, and after that Carouse,  
Bid him receive thee in his earthen house.

## The Famous History

So to the spring he goes, and slakes his thirst,  
Taking the water in extreamly like  
A wracked Ship, that on some Rock is bufft,  
When forced bulk against the stones doth strike;  
Scooping it in so fast with both his hands,  
That *Guy* admiring to behold it stands.

Come on (quoth he) let us to work again,  
Thou art about thy Liquor over-long,  
The Fish that in the River do remain,  
Will want thereby, thy drinking doth them wrong;  
But I will see their satisfaction made,  
With Giants blood, they must and shall be paid.

Villain (quoth *Amarant*) Ile crush thee straight,  
Thy life shall pay thy daring tongues offence;  
This Club (which is about some hundred weight)  
Is Deaths Commission to dispatch thee hence,  
Dress thee for Ravens diet I must needs,  
And break thy bones, as they were made of reeds.

Incensed much by these bold Pagans boasts,  
Which worthy *Guy* could ill endure to hear:  
He hews upon those big supporting posts,  
That like two pillars did the body bear;  
*Amarant* (for them wounds) in choler grows,  
And desp'ratly at *Guy* his Club he throws.

Which

## Of Guy Earl of Warwick.

Which did directly on his body light,  
So violent, and weighty therewithall,  
That down to ground on sudden came the Knight,  
And ere he could recover from the fall,  
The Giant got the Club again in's fist,  
And struck a stroke that wonderfully mist.

Traytor (quoth *Guy*) thy falshood I'll repay,  
This Coward-act, to intercept my blood;  
Says *Amarant*, Ple murder any way,  
With enemies all vantages are good;  
Oh! could I poison in thy nostrils blow,  
Thou shouldst be sure, I would dispatch thee so.

'Tis well (said *Guy*) thy honest thoughts appear,  
Within that beastly bulk do Devils dwell,  
Which are thy Tenants while thou livest here,  
But will be Landlords when thou com'st in hell:  
Vile miscreant, prepare thee for their den;  
Inhumane Monster, hateful unto men.

But breathe thy self a time, while I go drink,  
For flaming *Phobus* with his fiery eye,  
Torments me so with burning heat, I think  
My thirst would serve to drink an Ocean dry;  
Forbear a little, as I dealt with thee.  
Quoth *Amarant*, thou hast no fool of me.

- inter

No



## The Fawns History

No, silly wretch, my Father taught more wit,  
How I should use such enemies as thou :  
By all my gods I do rejoyce at it,  
To understand that thirst constrains thee now :  
For all the treasure that the world contains,  
One drop of water shall not cool thy veins.

Relieve my Foe ? 'twere a mad mans part,  
Refresh an adversary to my wrong ?  
If thou imagine this, a child thou art :  
No fellow, I have known the world too long,  
To be so simple, now I know thy want,  
A minutes space of breathing I'll not grant.

And with these words, heaving aloft his Club  
Into the air, he swings the same about :  
Then shakes his locks, and doth his temples rub,  
And like the *Cyclops* in his pride did strut.  
Sirrah (said he) I have you at a lift,  
You now are come unto your latest shift.

Perish for ever, with this stroak I send thee,  
( A medicine will do thy thirst much good )  
Take thou no care for drink before I end thee,  
And then wee'll have carouses of thy blood :  
Here's at thee with a Butchers down-right blow,  
To please my fury with thine overthrow.

Infer-

## Of Guy Earl of Warwick.

Infernal, false, obdurate Fiend (*Guy* said)  
That seem'st an Imp of cruelty from Hell:  
Ingrateful Monster, since thou hast deny'd  
The thing to me wherein I us'd thee well:  
With more revenge then e're my sword did make,  
On thy accus'd head revenge I'll take.

Thy Gyants longitude shall shorter shrink,  
Except thy Sun-scorcht-skin be weapon-proof;  
Farewell my thirst, I do disdain to drink;  
Streams, keep your water to your own behoof:  
Or let wild Beasts be welcom thereunto,  
With these pearl-drops I will not have to do.

Hold Tyrant, take a taste of my good will;  
For thus I do begin my bloody bout:  
You cannot chuse but like the greeting ill,  
It is not that same Club will bear you out;  
And take this payment on thy shagg'd crown,  
A blow, that brought him with a vengeance down.

Then *Guy* set foot upon the Monsters brest,  
And from his shoulders did his head divide;  
Which with a yawning mouth did gape, unblest,  
No Dragons jaws were ever seen more wide  
To open and to shut, till life was spent;  
So *Guy* took his keys, and to the Castle went.

Where

*The Famous History* 10

Where many woful captives he did find,  
That had been tryed with extremities;  
Whom he in friendly manner did unbind,  
And reason'd with them of their miseries:  
Each told a tale with tears, and sighs, and cries;  
All weeping to him with complaining-eyes.

There tender Ladies in dark Dungeon lay,  
That were surprized in the desert Wood;  
And had no other diet every day,  
Then flesh of humane creatures for their food;  
Some with their Lovers bodies had been fed,  
And in their wombs their Husbands buried.

Now he bethinks him of his coming there,  
T' enlarge the wronged brethren from their woes;  
And as he searched, doth great clamours hear;  
By which sad sounds direction, on he goes,  
Until he finds a darksome obscure Gate,  
Arm'd strongly over all with iron plate.

That he unlocks, and enters, where appears  
The strangest object that he ever saw;  
Men, that with famishment of many years,  
Were like deaths-picture, which the Painters draw:  
Divers of them were hanged by each thumb,  
Others head downward, by the middle some.

With

## Of Guy Earle of Warwick.

With diligence he takes them from the walls,  
With Liberty their thralldom to acquaint:  
Then the perplexed Knight, their Father, calls,  
And says, Receive thy sons, though poor and faint;  
I promis'd you their lives, accept of that,  
But did not warrant you they should be fat.

The Castle I do give thee, here's the keys,  
Where Tyrannie for many years did dwell,  
Procure the gentle tender Ladies ease,  
For pity sake, use wronged women well;  
Men easly may revenge the deeds men do,  
But poor weak women have no strength thereto.

The good old man, even over-joy'd with this,  
Fell on the ground, and would have kist *Guy's* feet:  
Father (quoth he) refrain so base a kist;  
For age to honour youth, I hold unmeet;  
Ambitious pride hath hurt me all it can,  
I go to mortifie a sinful man.

No worldly joy can give his mind content;  
Delights are gone as they had never been;  
His only care is how he may repent;  
His spending I could have the serving in;  
N  
And fashion Age to look like countie yow,  
That little time to come, which life doth borrow.

*The Famous History*

Gay on his journey doth proceed,  
With painful Penitence life;  
While Warwick Countess lives in tears,  
A chaste and loyal Wife.

CANTO XI.

**B**Ehold the man that sought contentions out,  
Whose recreation was in angry arms;  
And for his *Venus* rang'd the world about,  
To find out dreadful combats, fierce alarms.  
From former disposition alienate,  
Shuns all occasion may procure debate.

In his own wrongs by vow he will not strike,  
Let injury impose what strife can do,  
Abuses shall not force him to dislike,  
For he hath now fram'd Nature thereunto;  
And taken patience by the hand for's guide,  
To lead his thoughts where meekness doth abide.

Now worldly joy can give his mind content;  
Delights are gone, as they had never been:  
His only care is, how he may repent  
His spending Youth about the serving sin;  
And fashion Age to look like contrite sorrow,  
That little time to come, which life doth borrow.

His

## Of Guy Earl of Warwick.

His looks were sad, complexion pale and wan;  
His diet of the meanest, hard and spare;  
His life he led like a Religious man;  
His habit poor and homely, thin and bare;  
His dignities and honors were forgot,  
His *Warwick's* Earldom he regarded not.

Sometimes he would go search into a grave,  
And there he finds a rotten dead mans skull;  
And with the same a conference would have,  
Examining each vanity at full;  
And then himself would answer for the head,  
His own objection in the dead mans stead.

If thou hast bin some Monarch, where's thy crown?  
Or who in fear of thy stern looks do stand?  
Death hath made Conquest of my great renown;  
My golden Scepter, in a fleshy hand,  
Is taken from me by another King,  
And I in dust am made a rotten thing.

Hast thou been some great Counsellor of State  
Whose potent wit did rule a mighty Realm?  
Where is the Policy thou hadst of late?  
Consum'd and gone, even like an idle dream.  
I have now so much wit as will suffice,  
To kill the weeds that in my garden rise.

*The Famous History* 10

Perhaps thou wast some beauteous Ladies face,  
For whom right strange adventurs have bin wrought  
Even such, as (when it was my loving case) did  
For my dear kindest *Phelice* I have fought:  
Perhaps about this skull there was a skin,  
Fairer then *Hellen*, was enclosed in:

And on this scalp, so wormy eaten bare  
(Where nothing now but bone we may behold)  
Where Natures ornaments, such locks of hair,  
As might induce the eye to deem them gold;  
And chrystal Eyne to those two hollow caves;  
And here such lips, as love, for kissing craves:

But where's the substance of this beauty sent,  
So lovely, precious in the sight of men;  
With powerful death, unto the dust it went,  
Grew loathsome, filthy, came to nothing then.  
And what a picture of it doth remain,  
To tell the wise, *All beauty is but vain*:

Such memories he often would prefer,  
Of mortal frailty, and the force of death;  
To teach the flesh how apt it is to err,  
And poste repentance off till latest breath;  
Thus would he in the worlds contempt prove,  
All that seduce the soul from heavenly love.

Now



## Of Guy Earle of Warwick.

Now for a while reverse your vow of wo,  
For one sad subject to behold another;  
To see new sorrow back to England go,  
And to long absent years commit the other.  
Leave doleful Guy to aged grief and cares,  
And look on *Phelice*, how his Lady fares.

Like to a widow, all in black attire,  
She doth express her inward doleful mind;  
A Chamber-prison is her chief desire,  
Where she to passions wholly is inclin'd.  
She that of late was pride of English Court,  
With Majesty no longer will consort.

But lives a life like one despis'd life being;  
And every day unto the world did die.  
With judgments eyes far into folly seeing,  
And noting well, how fast false pleasures flie.  
Leaving for every taste of vain delight,  
A greater heap of cares than pen can write.

Her thoughts run after her departed Lord;  
And travel'd in conceit more fast then he:  
What place (quoth she) can rest to me afford,  
That Pilgrim-like, hath thus forsaken me?  
Oh sad laments! my soul your burthen bears,  
To think poor Guy remembers me in tears.

Me

*The Famous History* 10

Methinks he sits now by a River side,  
And swells the water with his weeping eyes;  
Methinks that *Phelice, Phelice*, loud he cry'd,  
And charged Eccho bear it through the skies;  
Then rising up, he runs with might and main,  
Saying, sweet Eccho, bring my Love again.

Then comes he to a Cypress Tree, and says,  
*Sylvanus*, this was once the lovely Boy,  
Whom thou for feature to the clouds didst praise,  
But here's thy senseless and transformed joy;  
'Tis nothing now but boughs, and leaves, and tree;  
And made to wither, as all beauties be.

And then methinks he sits him sadly down,  
And on his bending knees his elbow stays,  
With head in hand, saying, Farwel renown,  
Vanish vain pleasures of my youthful days.  
My true repentance do you all displace;  
A happy end brings sinful souls to grace.

Ah worthy man that thus canst mortifie  
The Rebel flesh, to conquer *Adams* nature,  
And for the gaining of Eternity,  
Dost live on earth, as if an earthly creature;  
Dead and alive, old and new-born again,  
True valiant *Guy*, that hath the devil slain,

As

## Of Guy Earl of Warwick.

As thy advice was when thou didst depart,  
That I should live a Vestal Virgins life;  
Although when I was Maid (by Lovers Art)  
Thou didst perswade me to become a wife:  
I vow by Heavens, and all the Power Divine,  
To keep my thoughts as constant, chaste, as thine.

My beauty I will blemish all I may,  
With tears, and sighs, and doleful lamentation;  
By abstinence I will attain the way,  
To overcome the force of sins temptation:  
This sentence have I often read and seen,  
*A womans chastity is vertues Queen.*

*Ceres* and *Bacchus* I will careful shun,  
Foes to *Diana*, friends to *Venus* ever;  
Unto licentious life they teach us run,  
And with sobriety associate never.  
Spare Diet shall become my daily fare,  
The soul thrives best to keep the body bare.

The Courtly ornaments I wore of late,  
In honour of King *Atthelston's* fair Queen;  
Even all those Jewels, and those Robes of State,  
Wherein so often I was glorious seen,  
Shall with their price and value now supply  
Those naked poor, that in the streets do lie.

The

*The Famous History* 10

The Gold and Silver that I do possess,  
About good works shall all employed be;  
The purchase of eternal happiness,  
Is of all wealth most precious unto me:  
All that in want to *Warwick* Castle come,  
And crave relief, I will afford them some.

For halt, and lame, and blind, I will provide  
Some Hospital, with Land to be maintain'd;  
For widows, and poor fatherless beside,  
That their necessities may be sustain'd;  
For young Beginners their Estates to raise,  
And for repairing of decay'd High-ways.

This I account to be the Heavenly thrift,  
Lay up your Treasure where it cannot rust:  
And give the riches we receive by gift,  
As each good Steward is enjoyn'd he must;  
That after this short stinted lifes decay,  
We may have life, and everlasting day.

Rejected world, thus do I take my leave  
With thee, and all things thou do st most esteem:  
Thy shews are snares, and all thy hopes deceive,  
Thy goodness is but only good to seem:  
Of thy false pleasures, I as much have seen,  
As she that bears the Title of a Queen.

Oh

Oh

## Of Guy Earl of Warwick.

Oh that I were in such unknown disguise,  
(Attending on my *Guy* where e're he be.)  
As once the King *Sulpitia* did devise,  
His *Lentulus* in banishment to see!  
Or *Hypsocrata*-like, in mans attire,  
Following her exil'd King, through Loves desire.

'Twould something ease my sorrow-wounded heart,  
So to divide the burthen of unrest;  
For where affliction take afflictions part,  
In hard extreams some comfort is exprest.  
Misery is more easie to abide,  
When friends with friends, their crosses to divide.

But all in vain I wish'd, would God I were;  
Or thus, or thus, it nought avails my woe:  
Though starving thoughts do wander here & there,  
My poor weak body knows not where to go:  
Unto the Holy Land I heard him say,  
God send me thither at my dying day.

I will about my vows, and see them paid,  
To do the good that charity requires:  
When grace to works of vertue does perswade,  
'Tis blessedness to further such desires.  
And while on earth I do a sinner dwell,  
I'll strive to please my God with living well.

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In

## *The Famous History* 70

In this resolve, that life she entertains,  
Performing all the course she had propounded,  
And such severity therein explains,  
Her sex with wonder rests amaz'd, confounded,  
To see so rare a beauty, rich, high-born,  
Hold all worlds pleasures in contempt and scorn.

For no perswading friend that she would hear,  
Which motion'd company or recreation ;  
Unto their speech she would not lend an ear,  
That sought to alter her determination :  
But such as came, and of compassion spake,  
She did relieve, for blessed Jesus sake.

Her wandering Lord, from Land to Land repairs,  
To seek out places, Pilgrims do frequent :  
By careful years turn'd into silver hairs,  
Exceeding chang'd with grief and languishment :  
( For sorrow gives a man more ancient look  
Then elder time , which lesser cares have took. )

His old acquaintance in those foreign parts,  
That had before most worthy actions seen,  
Right bold adventures of his long deserts,  
Had lost Sir Guy, as he had never been.  
Those that in Armour knew his Martial face,  
Did not expect him in a Fryars case.

Amongst

## Of Guy Earl of Warwick.

Amongst the rest to whom he had been known  
He met Earl *Terry* banish'd to exile :  
Each unto other being strangers grown ,  
Through sorrow, which the senses do beguile ;  
They had forgot that e're they saw each other,  
Yet *Guy* was *Terry's*, *Terry Guy's* sworn brother.

Having related how their travels grew,  
Ones voluntary, t'other by constraint :  
In taking leave with courtesies adieu,  
Oh *English* man (said *Terry* sighing faint )  
I had a friend, a Countrey-man of chine,  
Was Justice Champion to great wrongs of mine :

Tyranny to the face he durst defie,  
And stamp his foot upon oppressions neck :  
Tell me dear friend, hast thou not heard of *Guy*,  
That had a hand to help, a sword to check ?  
I have (quoth he) and knew him many years :  
*Guy*, *Warwicks* Earl, is one of *England's* Peers :

What is thy Name? *Terry* (quoth he) I hight,  
Greater by birth then fortune makes me seem.  
*Terry* (said he) I vow to do thee right,  
In what I may, my poor good-will esteem :  
To humane thought my nature doth agree,  
Thou lov'st my friend, I must of force love thee.



## The Famous History

Direct me to the man exil'd thee thus,  
I'll take thy part as far as strength extends;  
If *Guy* himself were here to join with us,  
He could but say, *I le venture life and friends,*  
And be assured, though I simple be,  
I oft have had as good success as he.

*Terry* with loving thanks his love requites,  
And brings him to his Foe, whom he defies,  
And valiant with his adverse Champion fights,  
Till mortal wounded, at his feet he dies;  
Yet 'twas a man suppos'd of matchless worth,  
That for that Combate they had singled forth.

When this was done, the Earl demands his name:  
Pardon (quoth he) that were against a vow,  
To no man living I'll reveal the same,  
For I have changed name and nature now,  
Natures corruption I do strive to leave,  
A new regeneration to receive.

Farwel my friend, even as my soul would fare,  
If we ne're meet on earth, Heaven be the place,  
For idle hours, I have no time to spare,  
My hairs look gray, - they turn to white apaces;  
I have great loss in short time to redeem;  
A minutes sorrow is of much esteem.

So

## Of Guy Earl of Warwick.

So he departs towards *Judea* ground,  
*Samaria* and *Galilee*, to see,  
Those parts where Christian Pilgrims so renown'd  
Because their Saviours choice was there to be;  
Where he did suffer to redeem our loss;  
Even from the Cratch, unto the bloody Cross.

Much time he spends, and many years bestows,  
From place to place about this Holy Land;  
That all his friends in *England* do suppose,  
Now death of him hath got the upper hand;  
For no report came, that e're could relate  
His life, his being, or his present state.

This put the World to silence, men were mute,  
Concerning *Guy*, they knew not what to say.  
The dreadful Champion in the armed suit,  
Was never known nor fear'd in simple gray,  
But did endeavour all that e're he might,  
Never to be reveal'd to any wight.

For unto none he would his name disclose,  
Nor tell direct what Country-man he was,  
Nor of his noble mind make any shovvs,  
But strive in all things most obscure to pass;  
Until by Native love his mind vvas led,  
To come and lay his bones ywhere he vvas bred.

*The Famous History*

Gay after many years come home,  
To England for his Grave;  
Kills Colbrand the great Giant, and  
Dies poorly in a Cave.

CANTO XII

**E**VEN as the brightest glorious shining day,  
Will have a night of darkness to succeed;  
Which takes the pride of *Phœbus* quite away,  
And makes the Earth to mourn in sable weed:  
Presenting us with drowfie heavy sleep,  
Death's memory in careful thoughts to keep!

So youth the day of Natures strength and beauty,  
Which had a splendor like fair Heavens eye,  
Must yield to age by a submissive duty,  
And grow so dark, that life of force must dye;  
When length of years brings ancient evening on,  
Irrevocable time is posting gone.

This cogitation in *Gay's* brest appears,  
By his returning from the Holy Land:  
He finds himself to be a man in years,  
And that his Glass had but a little sand  
To run, before his date of life expire,  
Therefore to *England* he doth back retire.

There

## Of Guy Earlof Warwick.

There to be buryed where he had been born,  
Was all the cause that did enduce him back:  
To end his evening where he had his morn,  
In doleful colours of a dead mans back,  
And let that body rest in *English* ground, (found.  
Which through the world no resting-place had

When he arrived on his native shore,  
He found his Countrey in extream distress;  
For through the Kingdom armed troops great store,  
Against the Foe was all in readines;  
The King of *Denmark*, whose destroying hand,  
A mighty Army did securely land;

And marched from the Coast with devastation,  
Destroying Towns, Villages set on fire;  
Working such terror unto all the Nation,  
King *Athelstone* was forced to retire  
To *Winchester*; which when the *Danes* once knew,  
Towards that City all their strength they drew.

Which was too strong for Spear and Shield to win,  
(Invincible our walls of stone were then)  
They wanted Canon-keys to let them in.  
Hells pick-lock powder was unknown to men:  
The Devil had not taught such murdering smoke;  
A Soldiers honour was in manly stroke.

Pe-

## The Famous History

Beholding now how they repulsed were,  
That *Winchester* by no means would be won:  
They do conclude to summon parley there,  
And with a challenge have all quarrels done,  
An *English* man to combat with a *Dane*,  
And that King lose, that had his Champion slain.

Wherevwith a huge great Giant doth appear,  
Demanding vwhere the *Foxes* all vvere crept;  
Saying, if one dare come and meet me here,  
That hath true valour for his Countrey kept,  
Let him come forth, his man-hood to disclose,  
Or else the *English* are but covvard foes.

Why yery *Cravens* on their *Dunghills* dare  
Both crowv and strike, before they run and cry;  
Is *English* courage novv become so rare,  
That none vvill fight, because they fear to dye?  
That I pronounce you all faint-hearted fools,  
Afraid to look on manly Martial-tools.

What slanders I have heard in foreign Lands,  
Of those poor men for deeds vvhich they have done,  
Most false they are belyed of their hands;  
But he says true, that says their feet can run;  
They have a Proverb to instruct them in,  
That 'tis good sleeping in a sound whole skin.

Thus

## Of Guy Earl of Warwick.

Thus did he vaunt in terms of proud disdain,  
And threw his Gauntlet down, saying, There's my  
At length great *Guy* no longer could refrain, (glove.  
Seeing all strain courtesie t' express their love;  
But comes unto the King, and says, Dread Lord!  
This Combate to thy unknown Knight afford.

Although in simple habit I am hid,  
Yeilding no shew of that I undertake,  
I ne're attempted ought but what I did;  
An end of *Colbrond* (on my foul) I'll make.  
Palmer (quoth *Athelstone*) I like thy sprite,  
God send thee thither, and He aid thee right.

His Powerful Hand lend vigor to thy blows,  
And grant thy foot upon thy Foe may tread;  
*Amen* (quoth *Guy*) and with great courage goes  
Forth *Winchesters* North-Gate unto *Hide-Mead*;  
Where that same Monster of a man he found,  
Treading at every step two yards of ground.

Art thou the man (quoth *Colbrond*) art thou he  
On whom the King will venture *Englands* Crown?  
Can he not find a fitter match for me,  
Than this poor Rascal in a thred-bare Gown?  
Where's all his Knights & worthy Champions now?  
I do disdain so base a Slave as thou.

*The Famous Historie* 70



*Guy fights to free all Englands fears,  
With Colbrond Giant Dane:  
And in Hide-Mead at Winchester,  
Was that Goliath slain.*

**Giant,**



Of Guy Earl of Warwick.

Giant, said Guy, Man-hood shall never rail,  
To breath the air with blasts of idle wind,  
A Soldiers weapon best can tell his tale,  
Thy destiny upon my sword I find;  
'Twil let thee blood, while thou hast drops to bleed  
And spell thy death for all the *Danes* to read.

Thus I begin, and on his armour laid,  
That *Colbrands* Coat was never cudgel'd so,  
Who with his Club did watch to meet his blade,  
Intending to have brok'n it with a blow:  
But *Guy* was sure his sword would hold out play,  
It had been trusted many a cruel fray.

And therefore boldly he presumes thereon,  
Laying about as fast as he could strive,  
Until the Lubbers breath was almost gone,  
(For with a weighty Club did *Colbrand* strive),  
Which lighting on the ground made earth give way  
As if some devil did about him lay.

So long they held this stern and ireful fight,  
That the beholders knew not what to deem;  
Yet still some wounds to *Colbrons* share did light,  
Which to the *English* did great comfort seem.  
Besides, their Champion gave encouragement,  
By active carriage, danger to prevent.

bnA

Quoth

## The Famous History

Quoth *Colbrand*, *English* man, wilt thou forbear,  
And sue for mercy, let the fight alone?  
Villain (quoth *Guy*) I scorn thy Coward-fear,  
I'll have thy life, or it shall cost mine own:  
We'll never part till one be soundly sped,  
The King hath ventur'd *England* on my head.

For twenty *Denmarks* (if they might be found)  
And all the wealth that on the Ocean swims,  
I will not yield an inch of *English* ground;  
Thou shalt find mettall in these aged limbs:  
Although thy bodies height be more then mine,  
I have a heart bigger by odds then thine.

Think on thy ancient Grandfire, *Gogmagog*,  
Whom *Corineus* dealt withal at *Dover*;  
How that same Lubber, like a Timber-log,  
Was by the worthy *Britain* tumbled over:  
For his bold challenge, he had such a check,  
There was no Surgeon could amend his neck.

Thou art deceiv'd in me, poor silly Sot,  
I am untaught to bend submissions knees,  
Hold me no Christian, if I fail a jot,  
(And for the world that title I'll not leese)  
Betake thee to thy Tools, honour thy King,  
Upon thy man-hood lies a mighty thing.

And

## Of Guy Earle of Warwick.

And thus I do encounter thee afresh,  
With that he lent him such a powerful stroke,  
It made wide ruptures in the Giants flesh,  
And did his furious choler much provoke;  
Laying about him in most cruel rage,  
Till the next wound did all his heat aswage.

It was so mortal that it brought him down,  
To lie and groan upon the bloody ground:  
Forth with a shout was heard from out the Town,  
That all the skie did eccho to the sound;  
Great joy was made by every *English* heart,  
And all the *Danes* with extream grief depart.

King *Athelstone* met for his Champion then,  
To do him honour for his famous deed:  
Who was received by the Clergy-men  
With all solemnity, for such high meed:  
Embraced by the Nobles, and renown'd  
With Martial musick, Drum, and Trumpets sound.

But little pleasure *Guy* conceives herein,  
Refusing Jewels, costly Ornaments,  
Saying, with these he out of love had been  
For many years, by true experiments:  
Only thanks God, that blest him with an hour,  
To free his Countrey from invading power.

And

*The Famous History* 10

And so intreats that he may pass unknown,  
To live where poverty regards not wealth;  
And be beholding to the help of none,  
Seeing the world but now and then by stealth:  
*For true content doth such a Treasure bring,  
It makes the Beggar richer than the King.*

With true content (saith he) I will abide,  
In homely Cottage, free from all resort:  
But I have found, content cannot be spy'd,  
To make abode within a Monarchs Court:  
No, there's ambition, pride, and envy seen,  
And fawning flatt'ry stepping still between.

Yet gentle Palmer (saith the King) agree,  
Wherever thou resolvest to remain:  
Acquaint thy name in private unto me,  
And this is all thy Sovereign will obtain:  
Tell me but who thou art, I will conceal it,  
As I am *Englands* King, I'll not reveal it.

Why then (quoth he) your Grace shall understand,  
I am your Subject, *Guy of Warwick* named;  
That have these many years not seen your Land;  
But been where youth by ancient age is tamed:  
Yet where experience taught me wit, dread Prince,  
The world of many follies to convince.

And

## Of Guy *Earl of Warwick.*

And now am come to bring my bones to grave,  
Within the Kingdom where I first took life :  
Yet shall no creature else the notice have  
Of my arrival, not my dearest Wife,  
Till sickness come, and doth my death foretel,  
Then Ple acquaint her with my last farwel.

The King with joy embrac'd him in his arms,  
And with great admiration answers thus;  
Most worthy Earl, freer of *Englands* harms,  
It grieves my soul thou wilt not live with us :  
Oh were thy resolutions, thoughts but now,  
That my persuasions might prevent thy vow.

But 'tis too late, they are grown ripe, I see  
Thou art too settled in determination ;  
Well, Honourable man, yet this joys me,  
Thou bring'st thy bones unto thy dearest Nation;  
Where Monuments of thy great deeds shall last,  
Till after-ages of the world be past.

In *Warwick* Castle shall thy Sword be kept,  
To witness to the world what thou hast been :  
And least forgetful time should intercept,  
A President, I present will begin ;  
The Castle-keeper shall receive a Fee,  
To keep thy Sword in memory of thee.

They

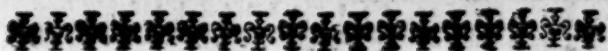
## The Famous History

Thy Armour likewise, and thy Martial Spear,  
That did the service in thy high designs,  
Shall be preserved very careful there,  
That all such men as have distrustful minds,  
May think (if from a truth it did not grow)  
A King would scorn to cozen people so.

And in thy Chappel (distant thence a mile)  
A bone shall hang of that same cruel beast,  
Which near to *Coventry* remain'd long while,  
Whose rib by measure is six foot at least:  
Destroying many that did pass that way,  
Until thy man-hood did the savage slay.

That by tradition, men may speak and tell,  
This was *Guy's* Armour, this his massie blade; (quell  
These bones of murdering beasts which men did  
And this the Tomb wherein his Corps were laid;  
This the true Picture of his shape at length,  
And this the Spear did oft express his strength.

For sure I hold it an ungrateful thing,  
(When thou by Natures course in dust shall lie)  
No memory shall cause some Muse to sing  
The worthiness of matchless English *Guy*:  
Thy Countrey-men would prove too far unkind,  
When out of sight, they leave thee out of mind:  
This



of Guy Earl of Warwick.

This said, in humble duty (wondrous meek)  
Guy reverenceth the King, and so departs,  
Some solitary Den, or Cave to seek,  
Which he unto his Mansion-house converts:  
And so lives poorly in the hollow ground,  
Making his meat of herbs and roots he found.

Sometimes he would to *Warwick* Castle go,  
And crave an alms at his dear Ladies hand:  
Who unto Pilgrims did more bounty shew,  
Than any Noble-woman in the Land,  
And she would ask all Palmers that came there,  
If at the Holy Land they never were.

Or in their travels, if they had not seen  
An Englishman was Lord of that same Tower?  
Who many years away from hence had been,  
A Knight ne're conquer'd yet by humane Power.  
But there's a Tyrant, whom I onely fear,  
They call him Death, that murders every where.

If he have met him (O my dearest Lord)  
I never shall behold thy face again,  
Till that same Monster do as much afford  
Unto my heart, and so release all pain,  
Which gracious Heaven grant, if Guy be dead,  
Upon the earth let me no longer tread.

2

Thus







*The Famous History*

Thus did he often hear his wife enquire, (ing;  
With deep complaints from extreame passions flow-  
Yet by no means would grant her kind desire  
The comfort of a hopefull word bestowing;  
But look upon her as his heart would break,  
Then turn away for fear his tongue should speak,

And so departs with weeping to his Cell,  
Setting a dead mans head before his eyes:  
Saying, with thee I shortly come to dwell,  
This sinfull flesh I constantly despise,  
My soul is weary of so bad a guest,  
And doth desire to be at home in rest.

My feeble limbs weakness doth sore possess,  
And sickness gripes do touch about my heart;  
I feel I am not far from happiness,  
But am in hope my Foe and I shall part;  
This adversary which I long have fed,  
By whom my soul hath been so much mis-led.

To my dear *Phelice* I will send my Ring,  
Which I did promise for her sake to keep:  
I may no longer time defer the thing,  
For fear that death prevent me with his sleep;  
I feel his messenger approach apace,  
And poor weak Nature must of force give place.

So





*of Guy Earl of Warwick.*

So call'd a Herds-man as he pass'd by,  
And said, Good friend, do me a special favour,  
Even in a matter that concerns me nigh,  
( My hope relies upon thy kind behaviour.)  
To *Warwick* Castle speedily repair,  
And for the Countess ask with trusty care.

Deliver thou this Ring to her own hand,  
And say, the ancient Pilgrim sent the same,  
That lately at her Gate with Scrip did stand,  
To beg an alms in blessed Jesus Name.  
And if she ask thee where I do remain,  
Direct her hither, she'll requite thy pain.

Sir (quoth the Heards-man) I shall be asham'd,  
That ne're durst speak to Lady in my life :  
Nay more, and't please you, I may much be blam'd,  
To carry Rings to such a great mans wife.  
Besides, if I should lose it by the way,  
Why what would you and Madam *Phelice* say ?

Prethee ( said *Guy* ) frame not suchi dle doubt,  
No prejudice can light on thee at all ;  
The act is honest which thou go'st about,  
And for it none can thee in question call.  
A courteous ear the Lady will thee lend,  
Upon my warrant, fear you nothing friend.





### *The Famous History*

With that he goes, and mannerly betakes  
The token to the Countess; which she seeing,  
Most admirable wonder at it makes,  
Ah friend (quoth she) where is my Husbands being?  
Husband (said he) that news I do not bring,  
From an old Begger I receiv'd the Ring.

His house was made of neither wood nor stone,  
But under ground into a hole he went:  
And in my conscience there he dwells alone,  
And never pays his Landlord quarter rent.  
Ah 'tis my *Guy*, she said, shew me his Cell,  
And for thy pains I will reward thee well.

So he directs *Warwicks* fair Countess thither,  
Who entring in that melancholy place,  
Her Lord and she imbracing, weep together,  
Unable to pronounce a word long space.  
Long time they two had not a word to speak,  
Till *Guy's* discretion Sorrows door did break.

*Phelice*, quoth he, now take thy leave of *Guy*,  
That sent to see thee e're his sight decay:  
Within thy arms I do intreat to die,  
And breathe my spirit from thy sweet soul away.  
Thou gav'st me alms at *Warwick* Castle late:  
'Tis blessedness to pittie poor mens state.

*Guy*





of Guy Earl of Warwick.



Guy in repentance poorly I Des,  
(Escurly in a Cave :  
Reveal'd to Phelice by a Ring,  
when death had digg'd his grave.

Look.



## The Famous History

Wife, I have sought the place that I desire,  
Though few endeavor for eternal rest :  
The soul which to that Haven doth aspire,  
Must leave the world, and worldly things detest :  
'Tis full of Devils, that on souls do wait,  
And full of mates, in every place some bait.

Ah *Phelice* I have spent ( and then he wept )  
Youth, ( natures day ) upon the love of thee :  
And for my God, old rotten Age have kept,  
The night of nature, *Christ forgive it me.*  
Sorrow lies heavy on my soul for this,  
Sweet Saviour Christ, pardon my amiss.

In that I had destroy'd for many men,  
Even for one Woman to enjoy thy love :  
Therefore in this most solitary Den  
I sought my peace with that great God above,  
Gainst whom by sin I have been more mis-led.  
Than there be hairs upon my hoary head.

The

## of Guy Earl of Warwick.

The other day, seeing my Body ill,  
And all the parts thereof oppress'd with pain,  
I did Compose a Testament and Will,  
To be the last that ever I ordain.

Lo here it is, I'll read it if I can,  
Before I cease to be a living man.

### HIS WILL.

*E*n in the name of him, whose mighty power  
Created all in Heaven and Earth contained,  
As one to dye this very instant hour,  
I leave the World, and all therein, unassigned,  
My Soul I give to him that gave it me;  
Receive it Jesus, as I trust in thee.

I owe a debt of Life is due to Death,  
And when it's paid him, he can ask no more,  
A very vapour of a little breath;  
Would he had had it many years before :  
But here's my comfort, if he come or stay,  
'Tis ready for him ( if he will ) to day.

I owe the world a stock of wealth is lent,  
When I did enter traffique with the same :  
Lesse would have given Nature more content,  
'Tis happiness to want a rich man's name.  
World, leave me naked, as I did begin;  
I ask but one poor sheet to wrap me in.

I do bequeath more sins than I can number,  
My deadly evils in a countless sum;  
Even from my cradle unto death's dead slumber,  
Those past, these present, all that are to come,  
To him that made them, loads to burthen me;  
Satan, receive them, for they came from thee.

I give good thoughts, and every virtuous deed,  
That every grace hath guided me unto,  
To him from whom all goodness doth proceed,  
For oonly evil, Nature taught me do :  
I was conceived, bred, and born in sin,  
And all my life most vile, and vain hath bin.

I give

# The Famous History of Guy, &c.

## HIS WILL.

I give to Sorrow all my sighs and cries,  
Fetcht from the bottom of a bleeding heart:  
I give Repentance tears and watry eyes,  
The sighes unsieged of a true Convert.  
Earth yield a grave, or Sea become a tombe,  
Jesus unto my Shul grant Heaven room,

Phelice I faint, farewell true legal wife,  
Assist me with thy prayers, thy Husband dies.  
I trust to meet thee in a better life,  
Where tears shall be wip'd from weeping eyes:  
Come blessed Spirit, come in Jesus name,  
Receive my Soul, to him convey the same.

And with these words his quies Spirit departs,  
While mournfull Phelice well nigh dead with woe,  
Her Senses all to sorrows use converts,  
And too abundant doth her tears bestow,  
Beating her breast, till breast and heart be sore,  
Wringing her hands till she could st. bee no more.

Th. a sighing said, Ah Death! my sorrows cause,  
Thou hast depriv'd me of my dearest Lord:  
Since loathsome air my vital spirits draws,  
This favour for thy tyranny afford,  
Do me a good to recompence thy ill,  
And st. like ib: shake thou all my cares from ill.

Let me not live to see so morrow light,  
But make me cold, bloodless, pale and wan,  
As this dead Carhafs doth appear in sight,  
This true description of a mortal man,  
Whose deeds of wond' & pist and gone before,  
Hath left him now a Deaths dark prison door.

Kissing his face, with a farewell of teary,  
She leaves the body for the grave to chime;  
And from that place as sad a Soul she bears,  
As ever woman that the world can name;  
Living but fifteen dayes after his death,  
And then through extream sorrow yiel'deth breath.

## F I N I S.



